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April/May '98

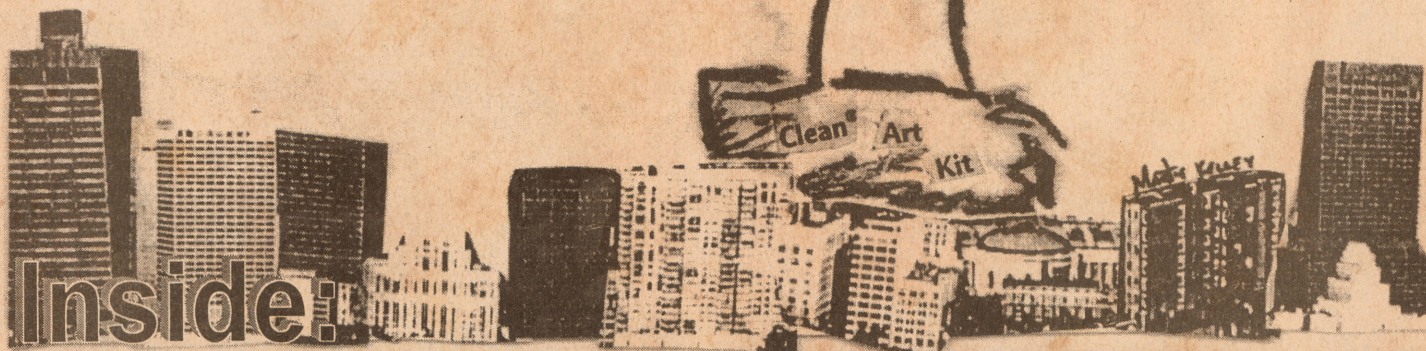
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#14 - Free



ArtsPolitik

by Morris Sullivan



Inside:

**Mind Power:
Divide and Conquer**

**Celebrate Earth Day:
Environmental Chaos**

**Paranoia:
The Reality of Fear**

**Anal Laws
Sodomize Society**

e-town concrete



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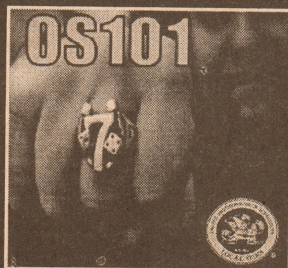
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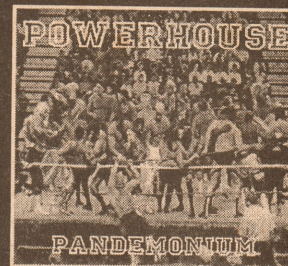
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Cover Story



photo "Piss Christ" Andres Serrano

ArtsPolitik

by Morris Sullivan

A One-Act Monologue about Art, Money, and Power

• PAGE 14

"Rail as they will against discrimination, women are simply not endowed by nature with the same measure of single-minded ambition and the will to succeed in the fiercely competitive world of western capitalism... The mama bird builds the nest."

--Pat Buchanan

"I have from an early age abjured the use of meat, and the time will come when men such as I will look upon the murder of animals as they now look upon the murder of men."

--Leonardo Da Vinci

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QUOTES:

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Fun fact of the issue: The new web site is located at: alt.theslant.com/impact — yes, "alt" and not "www" — quite strange, I think. Anyway, the fun is at the site...well, hopefully. Just go there!

"I know of no safe depository of the ultimate powers of the society but the people themselves, and if we think them not enlightened enough to exercise control with a wholesome discretion, the remedy is not to take it from them, but to inform their discretion by education." - Thomas Jefferson



From The Guest Editor Bill Waxler

Real Editor's Note: I am not writing the editorial this issue - frankly, I have too many other things to do. Instead, staff writer and editorial extraordinaire, Bill Waxler will entertain and arouse you.

I am not an editor. Webster's tells us that an editor manages the daily operation and sometimes executive policy-making decisions of a news publication. Craig is busy doing that now and can't give you the traditional four-hundred or so words you may long for. The magazine needs him more than you do, and I know you know how much you need this magazine. So the best that can be offered to you is me. I do not consider myself a writer many days. Writers are a dime a dozen. I don't think this publication needs them.

It needs, and it has Revolutionaries. The Revolutionary is far more important to the process of educational change, raising awareness or confronting injustice than those who simply report and write about crap. Without them, writers would have a bland, washed-out palette from which to compose their works.

Impact has always welcomed those working to-

ward a "New Revolution". To many, the word revolution brings forth images of upheaval and destruction. The "New Revolution" is an experience involving our innermost principals and the resolve of our will, a spirit of rebellion apart from a mean-spirit. War and oppression, together with violence and uncertainty, are the markers for most people defining rebellion. Most people are in a state of being "sold out" and wouldn't know a real revolutionary if it kissed them on the lips, or their bung-hole for that matter.

The real revolutionaries remain steadfast in their principals, while at the same time questioning all that is around them. Those who have "sold out" treat them with contempt, so they can feel comfortable in their own skin. Peace, to those who have surrendered rather than fight, is a selfish and alienated sense of well being: a mere distancing from themselves, the danger that they know inside is real and should be eliminated. You know the kind. The ones who shudder when they look at this magazine and quickly put it down. They are cowards, not revolutionaries.

What will you do? Will you "grow up" and chase the fictitious picture of the American Dream like the rest of the herd, or will you hold on to the rebellious spirit of your youth? It is one of the few things you really own. Do you really want to give it up?

Real Editor's note: I'll be back next issue...if you're lucky.

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Speak Your Mind. . .

Please proof your letters. IMPACT will do the best to decipher them. However, we appreciate your effort to avoid us having to do extra work. Thanks!

Impact:

People seem so caught up today in trying to solve all the mysteries of life. I am not that kind of person, nor am I satisfied with the little knowledge I have acquired. I like change, and new ideas provoke thought. Your magazine sure has made me think. Especially on moral issues. Your real style of reporting gets to the bottom of things and reveals them as the bag 'o' shit they are or the beautiful thing we are blind to see them as. You may give your opinion on something, but let the readers know it is O.K. to think for themselves. And for the people who's biggest change since the '60s is being even more of a blind-faith victim, who cares? The rest of us are absorbing this new insight you bring us mak-

ing us think to survive as who we truly are and want to be.

Leah Bittle

Dear Impact,

I just wanted to write a letter to comment on Mr. Barne's article in MIND POWER on the confederate flag as swastika for African Americans. It was written boldly and needs to be elaborated on. Let him know that I appreciate his point of view.

I am an eclectic psychologist and appreciate the point of view which your magazine is taking. Keep up the good work!

Dr. W.S. Lui

I didn't want to have to do this, but it seems I have no choice.

We know you read this damn magazine. We know that a lot people actually take a little time to pick it up and at least carry it as far as a waste basket.

Can you please at least let us know what you think? We want some letters -- tell us what we do wrong/right or could be done better.

thanks.

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Notes from the Cultural Wasteland

by
Morris
Sullivan

One morning Zarathustra rose with the dawn,
stepped before the sun, and spoke to it thus:
Great star! What happiness would your shining
be, if you had not those for whom you shine!

Nietzsche, *Thus Spoke
Zarathustra*

There's a scene in *Pulp Fiction* where one gangster tells another gangster that he wants to "walk the earth" like Christ did. I didn't like the movie very much, but that scene stuck with me. I suppose the idea of "walking the earth" sounds pretty attractive to some people—glamorous even—letting the winds of circumstance waft you this way and that, taking you from one adventure to another, where you can right some wrongs, administer a little justice, and occasionally let a pearl or two of profound wisdom fall from your lips...sort of like that guy in *Kung Fu*.

Western civilization is built on mythologies about people like that—heroes from Orestes to Christ to Han Solo—which is why a scene like that affects us and doesn't get left on the cutting-room floor.

It sometimes amazes me when someone asks what "I do", and I tell them I'm a writer. They seem to think that's so glamorous, like I must spend my time walking the earth—dashing about in a white linen suit with my public fawning at my feet. I don't get it. I'm sure you might be able to find people like that who call themselves writers, but they probably don't actually write much. They're too busy taking their white linen suits to the cleaners.

Writers don't actually see their public much. I spend most of my time sitting in front of my computer in a ragged t-shirt and baggy, comfortable jeans, with my hair a mess because I got up at 6:00a.m. to finish an article I was too tired to finish last night and my deadline is 10:30 this morning. Pretty glamorous, huh?

For most creative people, the work is like that—lots of completely unglamorous drudgery, with an occasional reward. A painter spends his time breathing fumes from mineral spirits and listening to the radio, so that he can finally get cleaned up and stand in a gallery somewhere hoping one of the white-wine-drinking people notice his paintings and whips out their checkbook. An actor sits on the living room sofa saying his lines over and over to himself; a dancer tapes the blisters on her feet, sweats, and massages her sore calves; the composer sits pounding away at her keyboard until her fingers bleed. And all the while, there's the fantasy that this opus, this paint-drenched canvas, this web-page, or this opening night will

get noticed and make the phone ring off the wall offering fame and fortune—or at least another gig and enough money to pay the rent with some left over for groceries and gas.

Writers don't even get a lot of feedback. Performers get to hear applause at the end of the song or the scene. Writers, however, just do their work and send it off; they hope to see it in print eventually, but never know whether it's being read by thousands of people or winding up on the bottom of a bird-cage somewhere. So it's nice when you actually hear from someone that your work had an impact on them.

I picked up my son at the YMCA a couple of weeks ago. He was sitting in the little juice bar they have, talking with a kid who's probably about fifteen. The kid wanted to ask me something. "You write *Notes from the Cultural Wasteland*?" I do. "Wow! That's my favorite." I noticed he had copies of *Impact* in vinyl sleeves in his notebook. I wondered what his teachers thought when they saw that. It made me happy. I wondered whether I had an impact on the kid's life—whether maybe something I wrote made him think about things a little differently. I thought about my responsibility to him.

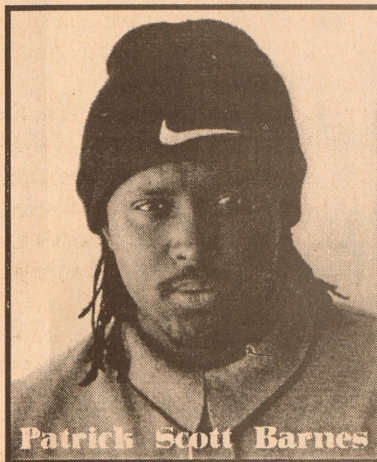
Later that week, a couple of people told me they'd read my last column—the one about profanity—and had decided to try to "cuss less". I liked that even better. I don't think I "walk the earth" saying anything especially profound—I don't even pretend to have any real answers—but if I can make someone think about things just a little differently, that's great.

The thing is, you don't have to "walk the earth" like some Buddha to have an impact on people. You don't have to be creative, and you sure as heck don't have to be rich and famous. You just have to try to behave with some integrity, and think about what you're doing before you do it...and don't hide your best intentions and deepest thoughts under a rock.

When I think of the people that have had the greatest effects on my life, most weren't rich, famous, high-profile, or even very creative. Some were, certainly—like John Lennon, for example, or Albert Ellis—but most were just "ordinary people" who went through their lives doing the best they could, while lending their wisdom and experience to those who sought it. There's a couple of former employers, for instance, a few teachers, an editor or two, and the guy who works on my car—people who know what they want to do, have the guts and gumption to do it, don't waste any time making excuses or worrying about whether you "approve" of them or not.

So anyway, back to that kid—that friend of my son's. I hope he grows up wanting to change the world—to make people think a little differently, and to make them see things in a way they hadn't before. I know I did. Of course, it never occurred to me when I was fifteen that you could change the world just by living in it, and by doing the best you could at what you did the best. I thought you had to at least get on television.

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MIND POWER

Patrick Scott Barnes

Divide and Conquer

The time has now come to discuss a subject that has been aggravating me for quite some time. That subject is what Nobel Peace Prize-winning writer, Noam Chomsky, calls "the unmentionable five-letter word". That word is "class".

In his book, *The Prosperous Few And The Restless Many*, Chomsky talks about the many statistics concerning health, infant mortality, etc. that always show African-Americans having the worst statistics compared to whites. Vincente Navarro, a professor that does work on public health issues at John Hopkins, did a study that broke down the statistics by race and class. Compared to white executives, the statistics for white workers was worse, just like the statistics between black executives and black workers. This concluded that much of the difference between black and white was actually a class difference, for the gap between white workers and white executives was enormous.

Seeing that this was an epidemic that needed some attention, Navarro submitted his findings to the major American journals. All journals rejected it. Navarro then sent his findings to *Lancet*, the world's leading medical journal located in Britain. There, it was accepted.

Chomsky says, "The reason is very clear. In the United States, you're not allowed to talk about class differences." He also comes to the conclusion that Corporate America and the government are the main manipulators in silencing the discussion of class. "It's extremely important to make other people, the rest of the population, believe that there is no such thing as class. We're all just equal, we're all Americans, we live in harmony, we all work together, everything is great."

Why do many Americans fall for this? Better yet, as the 1% rich gets richer, why do many working-class whites let politicians scare them about welfare, affirmative action, immigration, and other things related or assumed to be related to people of color?

My guess is this: As long as whites are led to believe that they are superior, the more the rich can keep screwing them.

In order to prove this theory, let us travel back to the 1980s. We all remember the 1980s, don't we? This was when Madonna sang she was a material girl in a material world. Yes, the eighties were very materialistic. Americans worked themselves to the bone to gain that nice home and two cars. The mindset was if you didn't have the glamour toys, you were a loser. You didn't work hard enough, and the lowest of all low-life scum were those Negro welfare queens. The poor were the American Public Enemy Number One, because it was believed that the poor didn't want to work. They were thought to be lazy, good-for-nothings that just didn't want to pull themselves up by their bootstraps and take their lazy asses to work.

And as for those inner city Negroes? All they did was kill, smoke dope, live off welfare and populate America with more lazy Negroes. They also started taking jobs away from more qualified whites.

Now, wait! Stop right there! Don't go any further! The last time I checked, African-Americans made up 12.5 percent of the US population. Now, for all

you geniuses out there, I want to know how African-Americans can take all the jobs away from whites, when the white population is much larger. Whites make up 74.2 percent of the population. Now, how can African-Americans take all those jobs away from white folks? (Also, these statistics should rest the nerves of those who think brothas are going to take all the white women away from white men.)

Another thing worth asking is this—how can African-Americans live off welfare and take white folks jobs at the same time? All right, geniuses, it's either/or. Either African-Americans are taking away jobs from innocent victims of reverse discrimination, or they are living off welfare. Now, which one are they doing? They can't do both. Either they refuse to work and live off welfare, or they *do* decide to work, but find jobs at the expense of innocent white people. Which one is it, geniuses?

Everyone was against each other in the eighties. They still are today. The unique thing about the eighties is that when someone finally checked, the one-percent rich got richer after 12 years of Republican presidency. Divide and conquer! One of the oldest tricks in history and Americans fell for it.

It just didn't stop with black and white or middleclass and poor. It was also gays versus straights and pro-life versus pro-choice. Then, some sicko or sickoes decided to appeal to the Christian Right. Americans were at each other's throats with hostility as the rich laughed their asses off and got richer.

As mentioned before, these tricks by the powers-that-be are nothing new. The witch-hunts in Europe were a smoke screen to cover the fact that Europe was going through hard economic times. Nazi Germany was born out of world-wide depression, in which the scapegoats became Jews.

Now, one has to question why bigots like David Duke and Pat Buchanan tend to align themselves with the Republican Party. Could it be that Republicans are responsible for much of the us-versus-them mentality that started in the eighties? Besides, Republicans gave birth to the image of the Negro welfare queen. Oh yes, let us not forget the Willie Horton propaganda, too, in which the picture of a menacing-looking black criminal was used to scare white people to vote Republican, because them liberal Democrats were letting dangerous niggers loose on the streets of America.

Willie Horton was a criminal that was on furlough. He raped someone on one of his days out of prison. This took place in Massachusetts, home of then-presidential candidate, Gov. Michael Dukakis. Republicans used Willie Horton to portray Dukakis as being soft on crime.

Another thing to question is the presence of more hate groups since the beginning of the twelve-year Republican Presidency.

One of the latest trends in scare tactics is the coverage of illegal aliens. Most of the coverage is focused on Mexicans instead of Europeans, who also sneak into the country year after year. Why more coverage on Mexicans? Mexicans aren't white. It's easier to cater towards America's prejudices towards those of Spanish descent. Those of Spanish descent bring crime. They all are, with the exception of Cuban-Americans, illegal aliens that live off welfare and have a half dozen of kids.

Now, bigots, for the truth. Most illegal aliens are hard working individuals that contribute to the economy. A small few live on welfare. Most illegal aliens are also law-abiding.

Another fact about those of Spanish descent relates to Puerto Ricans. Since Puerto Rico is considered a US commonwealth, Puerto Ricans are considered US citizens.

As the illegal alien scare tactics go on, more and more jobs go to Mexico for cheap labor that results in more and more American families being forced into poverty. As these jobs continually go to Mexico, one still wonders why Mexicans still sneak over the border. Could it be that jobs exported from the US to Mexico are very low-wage and working conditions are unhealthy and dangerous? Health regulations are almost non-existent in Mexico. When the jobs go to Mexico, Americans are forced to take jobs at lower wages, usually those jobs dealing with the public. This is where I believe most of the clash between the haves and have-nots will begin.

As someone that works on Massa's Plantation (Wal-Mart), one can tell the many stories of uppity middleclass and rich folks treating you like trash because you work at a low-wage-paying job that requires you to kiss ass. As

(CONQUER, continued on page 36)

The Rookie

by
Auren
Hoffman

inexperience could be an
employer's blessing

When I was 21, I landed a really big client for Kyber Systems, my database consulting firm at the time. After signing the NDA, the contractor agreement, and the payment schedule, I turned to my client and asked why he chose us. There were four more established firms bidding on the same project and I was the oldest person in Kyber Systems. My partner just turned 20.

The client said something I'll never forget: "You got this contract because you're hungry. I like hungry."

New job seekers are hungry, too, and companies are devouring them up faster than you can say "resume." Companies are quickly realizing that employees with up to five years of experience, which I affectionately call "rookies", are more valuable than ever before.

Rookies are hungry. With little surf the Internet, are comfortable with e-mail and can even new employees are looking to program a VCR. Many employees with up to five years rate world. Full of energy, of experience grew up with rookies have no qualms over computers at home. Even the putting in long hours or work-non-engineers are computer ing until 4:00 am to finish a literate. project on time.

Rookie programmers are in high demand. Because the firm had a distinct advantage Internet is so new, many of these programmers have been ing to get projects done in coding in Java, installing e-mail shorter time frames. If push servers and configuring NT came to shove, the entire team networks as long as veteran pulled an all-nighter. engineers.

Of course, rookies generally They also can be taught new have a more intuitive sense of tricks. Rookies have a hun-high technology. These em-ger for knowledge and want to ployees can use MS-office, learn. They are usually not

fixed in a particular way of doing things and can easily adjust to a company's culture. Motivated and dedicated, rookies generally outperform all expectations.

And, of course, rookies are cheap. Though salaries for employees with less than six years of experience are rising rapidly, rookies are still a bargain compared to someone with 25 years experience.

Large and small companies are fast learning that less experienced job seekers are highly valuable. In the recession during the late 1980's and early 1990's, thousands of people were fired by large corporations. Most of the employees who were fired were mid-level and upper-level managers—not the employees with up to five years of experience. Some companies actually increased college hiring during the time of these mass lay-offs.

But rookies are not the end-all-be-all of a business. Rookies generally need direction and mentoring that only an experienced employee can bring. Rookies need to learn from other's experiences so they won't make costly mistakes and so that they can achieve their growth potential.

Now that employers are finally realizing that their greatest assets are their employees—rookies are becoming a prized asset.

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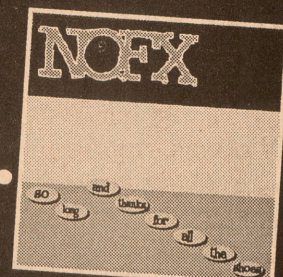
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(in case you missed it!)

Welcome to Your World. Here we'll take look at what's happened on this fine planet since last we met. Warning: you may not agree with my slant on things, you may even get pissed but, hey, that's my job.

COP KILLA — If you haven't heard by now, another cop was killed. This time it was in Haines City, Florida. A rookie cop goes to investigate a suspicious car at a cemetery (I thought that only happened in the movies) and ended up dead. Whoops. Here's the problem: the police again showed their lack of tact in handling this case. I'm sick of hearing about what a huge travesty it is when an officer loses his/her life. Why? What makes an officer of the law any different from you or me? Their snappy uniform and shiny car with the pretty lights? Their cocky attitudes and often unfounded suspicions? Regardless, it's time we raise awareness about this. It's annoying to hear how the officers walked "shoulder to shoulder in search of evidence for their comrade's killer." Or how the Sheriff of the county ordered his officers to serve over 1,000 outstanding warrants for people living in the area where the officer was killed. The Sheriff later said, "We won't rest until his killer is found." Funny, I've never heard that one before. Probably because they don't do that for the common person -- me and you -- the good-for-nothings who write their paychecks. How about the 200 police from 12 different departments that gathered at the scene of the crime? Think they'd do the same if you were gunned down? Yet we sit here and take it right up the asset. Doesn't it piss you off to hear that members of the force and the department chaplain visited the family of

the slain cop around the clock? You think they provided the same service for the poor schmo who was gunned down outside an ATM last week? I can't fathom being the relative of someone who was killed; I can't envision hearing and seeing all of the special attention this case garnered after having a couple of desk-jockeys working on my relative's case. This is bulls#t. There's no reason for this, other than poor judgement, and the police need to wake-up and smell their salaries. They had better start giving the same consideration to all cases or start working for free.

FYI: in late-breaking news, it's now almost certain that the aforementioned cop killed himself. Bullet fragments and gun powder were found on the officer's arm and hand. Funny, all those cops and they couldn't tell the difference between murder and suicide? Here's a topic for discussion: "Law enforcement intelligence — oxymoron or crime-fighting weapon?"

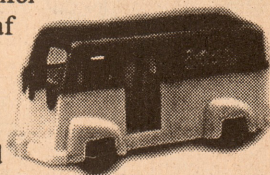
YO QUIERO COMMON SENSE — It seems that a Hispanic civil rights group wants Taco Bell to cease and desist its "Yo Quiero Taco Bell" commercials. You know, the one featuring the laughter-inciting dog, Dinky the Chihuahua. Let's get this straight: IT'S A COMMERCIAL!!! It's an advertising vehicle aimed at stirring the appetites of viewers. A piece of media used to encourage purchase through laughter and strategic product placement. It is not a slam on the Hispanic race. To paraphrase J a c k

Nicholson's Joker, "What this country needs is an enema." How can anyone possibly find this commercial offensive? Gabriel Cazares, former Clearwater mayor called it "a hate crime that leads to the type

of immigrant bashing that Hispanics are now up against." A hate crime?! Are you sh#\$&*ng me?! Cazares is president of the local chapter of the League of United Latin American Citizens (LULAC) and has urged Hispanics to boycott Taco Bell. Mr. Cazares went on to make more ridiculous comments and a bigger ass of himself. This is an obvious attempt to garner publicity for Cazares or LULAC. There is no case here and, if anything, Taco Bell should be allowed to sue Cazares and LULAC for slander or stupidity, whichever holds up in court. Why is it that people raise so much s#\$t about nothing? And it is nothing. This doesn't alter anyone's portrayal of anyone else. It sells product and that's what it's intended to do.

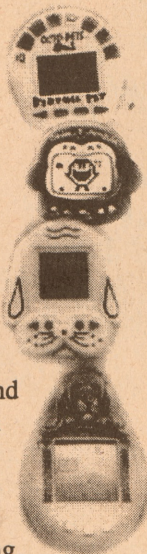
YOU DROPPED YOUR ICE CREAM

— Remember when I told you about Orange County California banning leaf blowers due to noise and pollution? Not to be outdone, Stafford Township has become the second town in New Jersey to ban the music played by ice cream trucks. No, this is not a joke; this is horribly real. Ice cream trucks are an American institution, like baseball and apple pie. Sure, baseball sucks, and apple pie has enough chemicals to kill you, but that's not important. There isn't a person alive who doesn't have fond memories of sitting home and hearing that music coming from somewhere in the sweet chocolatey distance. It let you know the ice cream man was on his way and you had better get your ass off the couch, scrape up all the loose change you could and hit the door running. It made childhood what it was. It created memories and brought neighborhoods together. Now, all the kids have to anticipate is a bell which, somehow, is still allowed in Stafford Township. And don't think this will be an isolated incident. Those old bastards in New Jersey are the



same ones who'll be down here in Florida next winter pissing and moaning about the ice cream trucks here. If anyone knows where I can get a copy of "Turkey in the Straw" on CD, let me know. I've got some old people to piss off.

WE'LL MAKE GREAT PETS — I know these things are popular with some of our 20-somethings out there, but I think it's high time to get over it. I'm talking about the virtual pet craze. I don't know exactly when it started because it's been popular in the Far East for years, but it seems that everyone 14 and under has one of these electronic "pets" dangling from their bookbag or pocket or some place. That's a sad comment on society in itself, but now it's gone to a whole new level. Brian Mirsky of Dover, N.J. has created a graveyard website for dead virtual pets. Mirsky told the Ft. Worth Star-Telegram he "made the decision to become personally responsible to the death of as many pets as possible." I don't think I have to suggest that Mirsky *might* have too much free time. Mirsky created a website so mourning relatives can send in their final good-byes and see them posted on a computerized headstone. I visited the site (www.mirskyland.com/tamogot.htm) and found it altogether stupid, yet humorous. There are over 30 "dead" in the cemetery, including "Beavis, Satan" and "Anus." Beavis' tombstone reads "He was such a little BeavisNocker," while Satan's says "Satan lived ½ and ¼ of a night he'll never be missed." Anus' owners were a little more considerate: "We will always remember you! Our dearest Anus." Unbelievable as it sounds, this isn't the only website devoted to dead virtual pets. Another site is located at www.d-3.com/deadpet/. Here you're prompted to put your departed on top of your monitor for the ceremony. You then put in the pertinent information. Finally (the site's a bit slow), a horribly drawn hearse "rolls" across the screen while quotes and a eulogy scroll across the top of the page. Lastly, at www.geocities.com/Tokyo/Flats/6337 you'll find a bland site of "headstones" with messages. I implore you to abandon these virtual pets! Instead, think about buying a Meanie Baby. No, I didn't misspell Beanie Baby. I said Meanie Baby. You can choose from 12 of the little misfits, including Splat the Road Kill Kat and my personal favorite, Dalmutation. Now that's endearing.



YOU MAY HAVE ALREADY WON — Most of you have probably heard about the lawsuits being filed against American Family Publishers, Dick Clarke and Ed McMahon. Several states have sued Clark and company over their campaign, charging the company tried to fool consumers into believing they'd won million-dollar sweepstakes prizes in order to push magazine subscriptions. Dammit, when will the morons in this country wake-up and realize there is no such thing as a free lunch?! See, here in America we have a little thing called work. It's what 95% of the country does to earn a living. Oh, "earn," right...you're not familiar with that one. OK, well "earning" is basically gaining money through working. Then we have these things called banks.

(WORLD, continued on page 36)

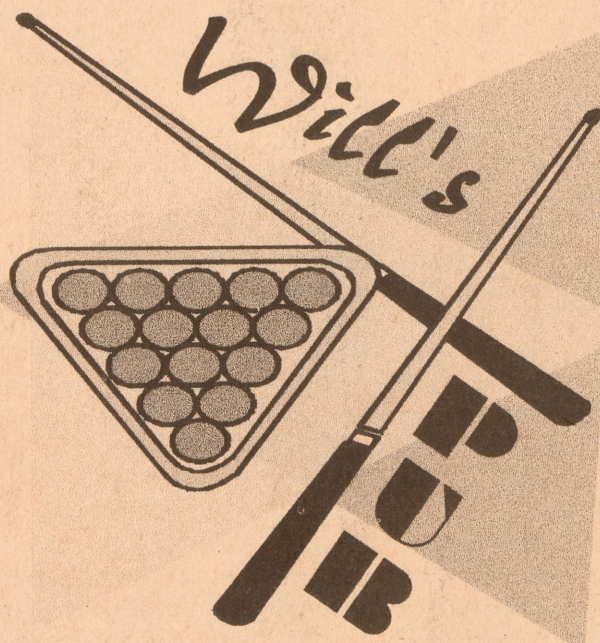
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Packaging accounts for about 30% of municipal solid waste in the United States. Paper makes up 48% of this waste. For every ton of recycled paper, we save three cubic yards of landfill space. One ton of recycled paper also saves 17 trees! Newspapers make up a large amount of the paper being disposed of in landfills. An average yearly newspaper subscription here in central Florida produces around 550 pounds of waste paper each year per home! The average New York Times Sunday paper produces over 8 million pounds of waste paper!

If you include all of the solid waste generated by businesses to our domestically produced waste at home, the United States generates 4,543 million tons of solid waste annually. Believe it or not though, domestic waste only makes up 4% of all of the waste generated in the United States. The largest culprit of solid waste is agriculture (52%), followed by mining and milling waste (36%).

With all of this solid waste generated, the landfill problem has become critical in the United States. According to one source, landfilling is currently overused in the United States, but will continue to be an essential component of waste management.

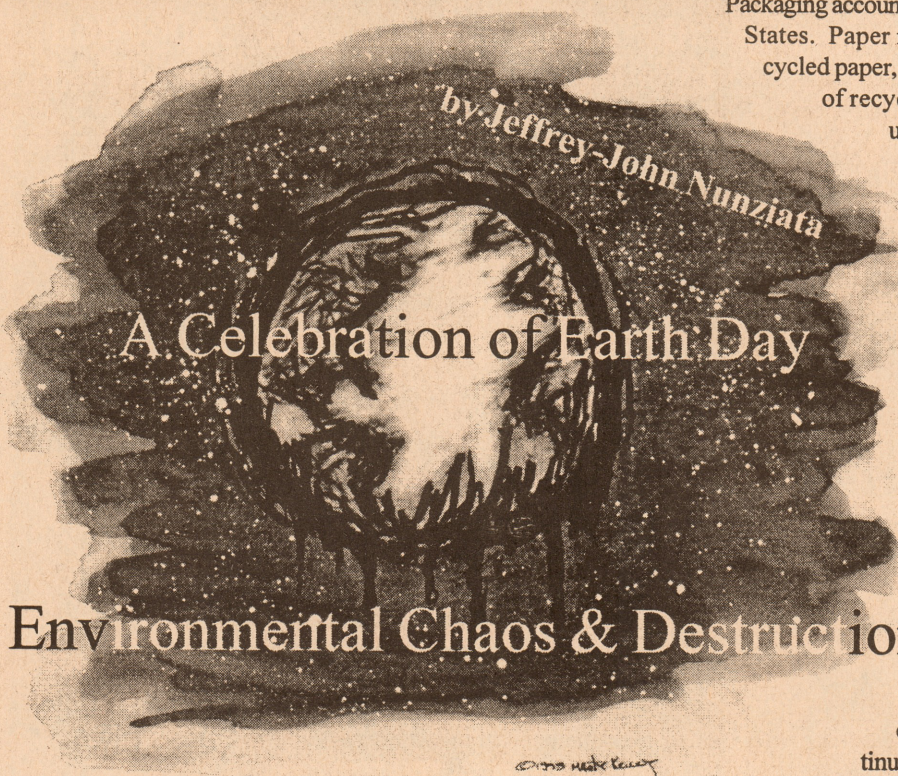
The US has more than 9,000 landfills with about 75% of all waste going into them. After as much waste as possible has been reduced, recovered, reused, or converted to energy, there will be some waste that cannot be disposed of in any other way except in landfills. However, landfill capacity is already dwindling. Florida will probably run out of landfill space within the next five to ten years. Another problem with landfills is that items that should not be disposed of in landfills are still being dumped and polluting our underground water supply.

HAZARDOUS WASTE... WOW! YOU LOOK LOVELY IN THE LIGHT EMANATING FROM THE NUCLEAR WASTE DISPOSAL SITE.

Hazardous waste accounts for 2% of solid waste and low-level radioactive waste accounts for 1% of the total solid waste generated. I bet we are all glad we don't live in New Jersey! They have 109 hazardous waste sites—more than any other state in the nation. Pennsylvania has 95, California has 88, and New York has 83. Currently, there are no nuclear waste dump sites in Florida. The state closest to us for nuclear waste disposal is South Carolina.

Nuclear waste consists of fission products formed from splitting atoms of uranium, cesium, strontium or krypton, or from transuranic elements formed when uranium atoms absorb free neutrons. Wastes from transuranic elements are less radioactive than fission products; however, these elements will remain radioactive far longer... we're talking hundreds of thousands of years. The types of waste are irradiated fuel or spent fuel in the form of twelve-foot-long rods, high level radioactive waste in the form of liquid or sludge, and low-level waste such as reactor hardware, piping and water from the fuel pool.

Here in the United States, most of the spent fuel is left for ten years or more in water-filled pools at the individual plant sites awaiting permanent disposal. As it waits, it starts to break free of its holding contain-



They recently found water on the moon. This was big news, because it supposedly will aid humankind in the exploration of space. Many environmentalists look at it as something quite different. We have continually polluted our home world, and now we may have the ability to destroy other worlds as well. As we look toward the heavens and the thrills of seeking out new life and new civilizations—and to boldly go where none has gone before—maybe we should take a look at our own planet and what we have done locally. Join Impact Press as we take you on a tour of our polluted home world... Earth!

SOLID WASTE.... GARBAGE BY ANY OTHER NAME SMELLS JUST AS BAD!

Domestically, Americans produce about 230 million tons of garbage a year—a little over five pounds per person per day, or about 1,900 pounds a year. That's a lot of garbage! The majority of waste we produce is paper-waste, (21%) unless we live on property with a yard and lawn. For homes with yards and/or lawns, grass clippings make up the largest percentage of solid waste generated (23%). Of course, there are ways to re-use these clippings and return them to the environment in a friendly way, but most people do not care. There are actually lawn mowers that will make the clippings so small by repeated cuts that the clipping can be used as a sort of food for the lawn. Clippings could also be used on compost piles, but who has time for that?

If we compare statistics from 1960 to today, we see that paper and paperboard product waste has risen steadily every ten years. And if you look at deforestation, it has also increased... Coincidence? I think not! Plastics waste has also risen sharply. The only real decrease we have seen is in the area of food waste. It seems we are actually wasting less food today than we did in the 1960's. Maybe we all learned to eat our spinach and lima beans after all!

ers, polluting our environment. Most low level nuclear waste has been stored in steel drums in shallow landfills at the six nuclear dump sites and at the Hanford Nuclear Reservation in the state of Washington. Most high-level nuclear waste has been stored in double-walled stainless-steel tanks surrounded by three feet of concrete. The current best storage method incorporates the waste into a special molten glass mixture, then enclosing it within a steel container, which is buried inside a specially designed pit. Unfortunately, the US is lagging behind the Europeans in this storage method. Some say that the Europeans are more on top of nuclear waste disposal because their countries are about the size of one of our states. We look at it as having a lot of space and therefore a lot of time... unfortunately we are only fooling ourselves.

OIL & WATER MAY NOT MIX... BUT WE'LL MIX THEM ANYWAY.

Every year over three million metric tons of oil contaminate the sea. One half comes from ships, but believe it or not, the rest comes from land-based pollution. Only 33% of it is actually spilled by accident! More than 1 million metric tons of oil are deliberately discharged from tankers washing out their tanks. Urban runoff accounts for about 4%, while atmospheric rainout, which is oil released by industry and cars back down in rain, accounts for about 10%. Of course who could forget the Gulf War, when Iraq deliberately dumped millions of barrels of oil into the Persian Gulf from Sea Island in Kuwait. The sea life in the gulf has still not returned to its prior levels.

This should be a wake-up call, yet we continue to go about our ways, content to continue using a fuel source that is dangerous and is destroying our planet. We are all aware that solar energy is readily available, especially here in Florida, the Sunshine State, even with the rain we have. Unfortunately, we refuse to look at solar energy as a viable replacement to oil, simply because it is more expensive. In the long run, even though it is presently more expensive, the money saved from environmental disasters and cleanup would almost offset the cost. Another key point is that solar technology does not cause pollution. It is environmentally friendly.

THE VANISHING FORESTS OF THE WORLD.

Using data from satellite observations, it is estimated that between 16.4 to 20.4 million hectares are being destroyed each year. For those of you not familiar with the term hectare, a hectare equals 107,639.1 square feet. Only 50% of the mature tropical forests remain, with 750 to 800 million hectares of the original 1.5 - 1.6 billion hectares destroyed. There are two types of tropical forests: wet and dry. The wet forests, or rain forests, have incurred the most losses. Latin America has lost 37% of them, Asia 42%, and Africa 52%. Logging, the gathering of wood for fuel and conversion of forests to agricultural land, is the main cause. Yet tropical forests have been called "green deserts", because their soils are poor in nutrients. The seemingly lush forest vegetation has survived through ingenious life-support systems. When the trees are stripped away, the exposed soils deteriorate rapidly, eroded by torrential rains. After the rain ceases, the sun bakes the earth into a hard mass, rendering the soil incapable of vegetative growth. Of course, people attempt to flood the land with chemicals and fertilizers to make plants grow and keep out insects, further destroying the environment

If present deforestation rates continue, all tropical forests will be cleared in 177 years. These forests contain 155,000 of the known 250,000 plant species and innumerable insect and animal species. Half of the medicines prescribed worldwide are originally derived from wild products. The National Cancer Institute has identified more than 2,000 tropical rainforest plants that have the potential to fight cancer. Rubber, timber, gums, resins, waxes, lubricants, nuts and fruits, flavorings, steroids, latex for condoms, essential and edible oils and bamboo are among the forest's products that would be drastically affected by the depletion of the tropical forests. It is possible that we may be destroying the very things that could one day save humankind from a devastating plague.

(EARTH, continued on page 29)

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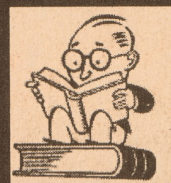
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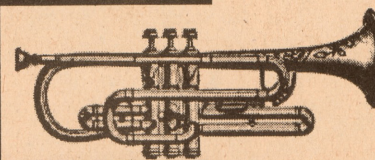
books...



"There is lurking fear that some things are not meant 'to be known', that some inquiries are to dangerous for human beings to make." Carl Sagan, 1979, *Broca's Brain*

"But I can't think for you
You'll have to decide.
Whether Judas Iscariot
Had God on his side." Bob
Dylan. 1963. *With God on
Our Side*

...music



"The morning cup of coffee has an exhilaration about it which the cheering influence of the afternoon or evening cup of tea cannot be expected to reproduce." Oliver Wendell Holmes in *Over the Teacups*

Café...



Artspolitic

A One-Act Monologue about Art, Money, and Power

by
Morris Sullivan



Lights come up on a small community theatre. THE BOARD OF DIRECTORS enters. They appear glum. From the group, one steps into the light and begins to speak.

Night after night, they come to me—the cast, the crew, the teenage girl who just got her first shot at the stage, the actor who works at a theme park full-time and in community theatre whenever he can—they lean through the box office window, peer into my face and peeking at the reservation list, and they ask me, “How many reservations do we have?” Unless we’re sold out, I lie to them. I fudge a little. I add a few, because I can’t bear to give them bad news. I used to fudge 50 up to 60, or 60 up to 70. At 90, I’d tell them we were sold out. Now, if there are only 25 I tell them 30—and sometimes I lie and tell them we have reservations, when we really don’t. It breaks my damned heart.

The worst thing is having to go backstage and tell the cast the performance has been cancelled—that not even enough people wanted to see their show that night to warrant running the air conditioners and lights. I try to soften it—to make them feel better...but I know that, no matter what I say, they’re thinking that the hundreds of

hours they sunk into the show—into learning lines and rehearsing and building sets and imagining how good the show was going to be... It breaks my damned heart.

Sometimes people come into the theatre with a show they’ve written or one they’re dying to do. They’re convinced that hordes of people will come see them. I try to make them face reality, and I’m sure they think I’m an asshole. That’s fine—I’d rather they feel rejected by me now than go to all the trouble of mounting their pet project, only to feel rejected by the entire city. I’m sure they think all I care about is ticket sales, and that I’m obsessed with money. It breaks my damned heart.

The unfortunate truth is that there is an inseparable relationship between the arts and money. More unfortunately, because of the inalienable interaction between dollars and politics in our society, the arts can become a convenient political football for anyone with power looking for something high-profile to throw around. In 1990’s America, the arts have been used to promote agendas from a conservative backlash in Congress to downtown revitalization projects. There is nothing new about this—the arts have depended on the ruling class since long before Bach made his living as

organist and violinist at the court of Duke Wilhelm Ernst.

Enter NEWT GINGRICH and THE REPUBLICAN CONGRESS, towing a platform on wheels behind them. On the platform is a cross, from which dangles Andres Serrano. The assembled characters begin to poke him with sticks, snip off locks of his hair, tug at his clothes and otherwise harass him.

A couple of years ago, conservative Republicans in Congress decided to pull virtually all federal funding from the National Endowment for the Arts, the National Endowment for the Humanities and the Corporation for Public Broadcasting. The total funding—\$620 million—the government provides for cultural programs including music, theatre, ballet, opera, archaeology, architectural conservation, and many others, is less than ½ the cost of a single B-2 bomber, yet “fiscal responsibility” was cited as one rationale behind the dismantling of all Federal cultural programs.

This argument won't hold water very long. Non-profit arts organizations receive less than 5 one-hundredths of one percent of the national budget, yet they employ 1.3 million people and generate \$3.4 billion in federal taxes each year.

The second reason cited—morality—made a much better rationale. Conservatives in Congress, along with their most vocal backers, the religious right, used a handful of examples of “immoral” and/or “sacrilegious” artworks to prove their contention that the NEA, NEH and CPB didn't deserve any American tax dollars. One of the most loudly preached-against examples was a work by the artist you see on the cross behind me, Andres Serrano. The photo that caused all the controversy shows a blurry, out-of-focus crucifix surrounded by an amber glow. It's pretty innocent-looking.

However, the blurring and the amber halo exists because the crucifix is submerged in a jar of urine, and the photo is titled “Piss Christ.” Serrano had received \$15,000 of public funds through an award from the Southeastern Center for Contemporary Art, which had received a grant from the National Endowment for the Arts to distribute as they saw fit.

Robert Mapplethorpe is a photographer, too. A few of his depictions of homo-eroticism were included in a retrospective at a

museum that received funding from the NEA. Andres Serrano and Robert Mapplethorpe were used as reasons for dismantling the NEA, along with the Corporation for Public Broadcasting, who have aired a handful of documentaries that offended conservatives, and the National Endowment for the Humanities as well. Consequently, the three federal cultural programs were vilified as breeding-grounds for decadence and immorality—threats to American values.

However, the two artists are a tiny part of the programs funded by the NEA, NEH, and CPB. Those programs fund everything from science and natural history museums to ballet, opera, and a project that collected and published George Washington's and Abraham Lincoln's letters and documents—not to mention conservative William Buckley's *Firing Line*. In fact, were it not for the conservatives screaming about them, not too many Americans would know Serrano's and Mapplethorpe's names.

The attack against the artists involved and the federal programs that indirectly funded them was, in fact, neither motivated by financial responsibility to the taxpayer nor by any real concern for morality. Rather, the artists and cultural programs became convenient scapegoats for a group of politicians hell-bent on amassing power and discrediting the “liberal” power-structure they had to overturn in the process.

With “Piss Christ”, Serrano attempted to symbolize with his crucifix submerged in urine that the kernel of truth contained



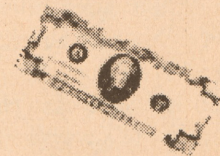
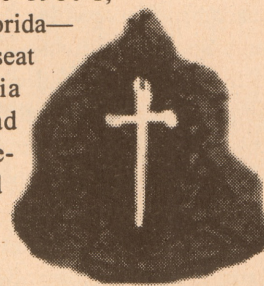
in religion, the striving to reach God, is surrounded by human corruption—a fact that could hardly be contradicted when faced by elderly-bilking faith healers, televangelists and mainstream church bureaucracies. The meaning of the photo, therefore, would hardly be considered “sacrilegious” by most Americans. One wonders, however,

if the concept it symbolizes might be far more threatening to those in Congress who owe their power to the very piss that surrounds the cross than would the photo itself.

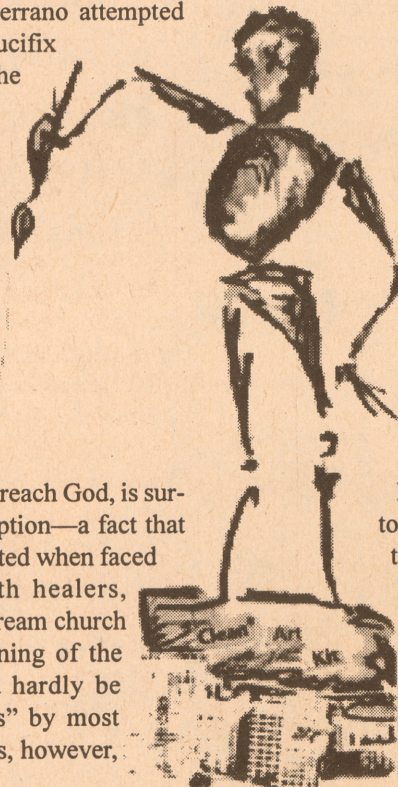
A MAYOR enters, followed by a CITY COUNSEL. They hold onto a long leash, which trails offstage.

The federal government is not the only one in which politicians use the arts to promote their agendas. While the assault on the NEA and much of the controversy has died down for now, many smaller arts organizations have felt the wake of Gingrich's attack against the arts. For example, the head of the arts department at a Florida community college “resigned” after an evangelical preacher led a public outcry against an installation by an openly homosexual Atlanta artist, which she had arranged for the school's gallery.

Sometimes, government and commerce exerts a positive economic influence on the arts. In the 1980's, DeLand, Florida—the county seat of Volusia County—had a sleepy, depressed downtown



with few restaurants and shops, but a lot of vacant space. Originally considered the “Athens of Florida” by its founders and centered around Stetson University, a prestigious liberal arts college, the town has a rich cultural history that dates back to the mid-1800's. However, as tourism bloomed in the beachside segment of the county, DeLand's economy slowed, and the center of town fell into



danger of typical mid-city disuse and deterioration.

The MainStreet Florida project, which provides incentives for towns to redevelop historically interesting urban areas, boosted DeLand's interest in resurrecting its downtown. A number of initiatives were taken, including building a new county courthouse. One of the most successful, however, was the DeLand Fall Festival of the Arts, which began as a small, out-of-the-way sidewalk art festival and has grown in participation and prestige. The festival now brings in the same Central Floridians that attend the well-known Winter Park and Cocoa Beach festivals; along with

the new visitors, the festival brings in a lot of money. New age gift shops, boutiques, computer stores, bars, and coffeehouses now do respectable business where only a few years ago empty storefronts and junk shops reigned. The street now resembles Winter Park's Park Avenue before the rent skyrocketed so that only Ralph Lauren and Banana Republic could afford it.

A regional theatre catalyzed a similar downtown revival in Gainesville. Charleston, South Carolina's Spoleto Festival—a weeks-long festival of theatre, music, and visual art—helped spur the gentrification of its historical district, which by the 1970's had fallen from its civil war era glory into Bowery-esque decay; now the district is choked with tourists and horse-drawn carriages. Fringe Festivals, several-day events where traveling theatre troupes turn empty storefronts into makeshift theatres, have contributed to a downtown renaissance all over the world. Dozens of other examples exist.

Such incentives to change the face of urban areas are not always so beneficent, however.

By the middle of the 1970's, Orlando, Florida's downtown artery, Orange Avenue, had

become a refuge for wig shops, trashy discount stores, a head shop, and a few old, established businesses that managed to hang by a thread onto survival. Worse still, Church Street, which crossed Orange Avenue at its southern end, was overrun with crime. Local high-schoolers considered a night-time drive down Church Street to ogle the hookers, the pimps and the winos passed out under streetlights was to be an E-ticket adventure.

The 1971 opening of Disney World did little for Orlando's inner city, instead drawing tourists into southern Orange and northern Osceola County.

The club scene brings a lot of money downtown.

Unfortunately, most of it circulates from hand to hand in the underground or near-

underground, from ecstasy dealer to vinyl clothing designer to body-piercing salon to beer distributor.

The city has tried to stamp it out for

a few years, implementing curfews to drive out teenagers after midnight, trying to ordinance away rave clubs, etc. . . The

"club scene" frightens tourists

and the elderly, chokes parking lots, and encourages both victimless crime

and property crimes.

BOB SNOW enters, trailing behind him a group of developers and city officials.

An entrepreneurial genius, Bob Snow had taken over a warehouse in Pensacola, Florida, and turned it into Rosie O'Grady's—a bar featuring Dixieland jazz, can-can dancers, sing-alongs, and overpriced, watery beer. The nightspot was insanely successful, and Snow started duplicating it in other cities, quietly looking around Orlando for a good spot to work his magical formula. He settled on Church Street, where he made a deal with the city to transform an unused railroad sta-

tion into a mega-complex of bars—with Rosie O'Grady's its flagship—high-priced restaurants, dance halls and overpriced tourist shops. In return for all this business, the city would build lighted parking lots and increase police protection near the newly-reformed Church Street Station.

Enter A HELL OF A LOT OF TOURISTS and TONS OF MONEY, followed by RESTAURANTS, RETAIL STORES and, of course, BARS, COFFEEHOUSES AND NIGHTCLUBS.

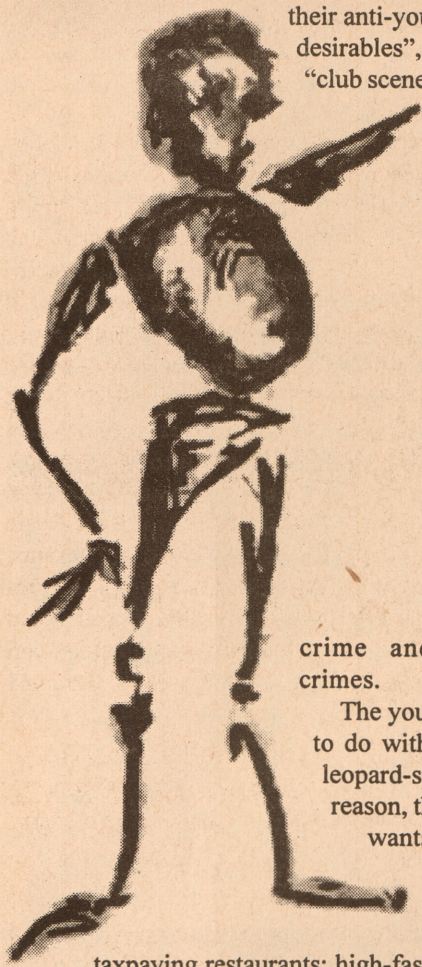
One and a half decades later, where streets and sidewalks once rolled up after 6:00 and parks once provided nighttime habitat for transients, muggers, dope-peddlers and trysting homosexuals, downtown Orlando's streets are now packed with 20-somethings roaming from bar to bar. Orlando is now internationally known for its cutting edge music—which emanates from the turntables of DJ's who work at its all-night clubs, creating trance, house, jungle and whatever other electronic musical fantasies their mixing boards produce.

In part, the dream of resurrecting Orlando's downtown has been realized. A historical theatre dating to the vaudeville era houses a rock

club. A converted Firestone tire store houses one of the best-known dance clubs in the country. Even Rolling Stone saw fit to visit Orlando in its quest for the new and the "hot".

However, something is still wrong.

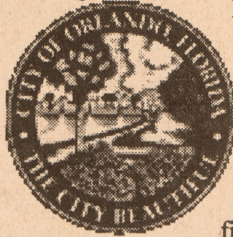
The club scene brings a lot of money downtown. Unfortunately, most of it circulates from hand to hand in the underground or near-underground—from ecstasy dealer to vinyl clothing designer to body-piercing salon to beer distributor. The city has tried to stamp it out for a few years—implementing curfews to drive out teenagers after midnight, trying to ordinance away rave clubs, etc. The buzzwords used in



their anti-youth initiatives include “undesirables”, “drugs” and “crime”. The “club scene” frightens tourists and the elderly, chokes parking lots and encourages both victimless

crime and property crimes.

The young, of course, think it has to do with their weird clothes and leopard-spotted hairstyles. The real reason, though, is money. The city wants to put the money back into the mainstream where it will do them some good—genteel,



taxpaying restaurants; high-fashion boutiques; and more overpriced tourist shops.

The CITY COUNSEL begins to pull on the leash, drawing onto the stage a NEWSPAPER PUBLISHER. They lead the PUBLISHER to a soapbox, onto which he climbs. An architect appears, and places a drawing-board rendering of a quarter-billion-dollar performing arts center onto an easel. A crowd of artists assemble.

Attempts to legislate away the club scene have done little good and created an enormous amount of controversy. Besides, getting rid of the clubs will only leave more vacant space. The new answer to the “problem” is seemingly much more pro-active and much less controversial—at least among most residents of the city. The answer? Bring the performing arts downtown, and well-educated, middle- and upper-class adults from all over central Florida will follow, along with families from the cold North coming to Florida to blow their savings accounts on once-in-a-lifetime vacations. They’ll leave their money downtown.

The means of this socio-economic restructuring is a big, long-term plan. Get public support for a world-class performing arts center by claiming that existing facilities are inadequate, and by pointing out the benefits of rivaling Sydney, Australia and New York in that arena; bring a few fledgling theatres downtown first, just to prove that an audience exists to fill the seats in the new center; pretend there are a bunch of performing artists trying to make a living doing theatre but lacking the space to do it in; and make people think that the only reason Orlando’s theatre scene

doesn’t rival Chicago’s or New York’s is that theatres here don’t pay their actors.

That’s where the newspaper publisher comes in, devoting a tremendous amount of ink—most of the front page of most of its Sunday arts and entertainment sections—building interest in the plan. Of course, everyone’s careful not to mention the true agenda and no one is willing to publicly state the problems with the big plan—of which there are more than a few.

Orlando does, in fact, have a lot of very talented actors and performing artists. Most of them work at Disney or Universal, then volunteer their time in community theatre, developing their craft and doing the sort of art for which they got their degree in Fine Arts—work that’s a lot more challenging and interesting than doing umpteen performances of “Murder She Wrote” every day.

This plethora of talent and enthusiasm has, over the past decade, given birth to dozens of theatrical companies.

Unfortunately, attendance at Orlando’s theatres has waned considerably in the last few years. There simply does not seem to be enough audience in this urban area of over a million to fill the thousand or so seats available at community and independent theatres. One of the best-funded community theatres in the southeast, Civic Theatre of Central Florida, tried to go professional a couple of years ago; it just cut short its mainstage season, attributing the decision to falling attendance and shrinking subscriptions. Several others have either fallen by the wayside or are in imminent danger of doing so.

Very little has been done to divert the crisis. To recognize that theatre is in danger of going the way of Orlando’s symphony orchestra—which failed due to lack of support several years ago—will hardly promote the big plan. Of course, if these displaced artists are offered good enough deals, maybe they’ll all move downtown for a while—at least until the vacant space is absorbed, the rent goes up, and the good deals disappear. By then, perhaps, a Walmart-quality chain theatre will exist to fill the spaces, much the way Olive Garden replaced the mom’n pop Italian restaurant that could no longer afford Park Avenue rent.

One wonders where the audience will come from to support a theatre district and a massive performing-arts center. One also wonders what the city fathers will think of the big plan when—instead of the Tennessee Williams plays and cute, inoffensive Fringe-type comedies they probably envision—one stage features a revival of *Vampire Lesbians of Sodom* and another features a local performance artist calling the mayor the Antichrist.

In any case, the likelihood that the big plan will ever draw enough tourist dollars to make it pay is ludicrous. All the cultural arts in Central Florida combined are tiny potatoes compared to a good day at the theme parks—and the big money from California wants to keep it that way.

It would be nice if the performing arts were as great a priority to Orlando as professional sports are—and if the money spent on them equaled that spent on the arenas and stadiums that brought world-class pro sports to the community. However, Florida has one of the lowest educational standards in the country, and focus in education has shifted more and more towards the vocational. Orlando’s economy is based on low-paying service-industry jobs. Therefore, one wonders if the next generation will provide enough people to fill a large performing arts center that possess both the depth of intellect required to enjoy an opera or ballet and the means to spend the equivalent of a day’s admission to the Magic King-

dom to attend a performance.

Enter Salvadore Dali, Antonin Artaud, and Charles Ives. They tow a platform on wheels behind them. On the platform is a cross. From the cross hangs Mickey Mouse.

There are hundreds of similar examples of political influence using the artist to promote a political agenda. State governments set up grant programs to give preferential treatment to minority-operated arts organizations, for example, or to organizations that stimulate the state's economy by creating professional positions.

No doubt all these civic leaders, from the Congressman to the state bureaucrat to the city councilman, believe that their attempts to influence the arts—and to use the arts to influence society—are well-intentioned. In many cases, their efforts will be good for both society and the artist.

However, the artist must, if he is to create, act independently of these manipulative forces. There is a path of least resistance, in which the artist follows along with the mood of society at the moment, not threatening his position with funding agencies, city councils, and congressmen. On the other hand, there is the tougher path of independence, in which the artist ponies up his assets, his time, and his comfortable standing in the community in order to take risks. The artist who is willing to take risks will make a true difference in our society.

However, the artist must be realistic and responsible. Realistic in the sense that he cannot assume that society owes him a living; and responsible in that he is aware that as he creates, he defines the culture into which other artists will emerge, and in

which his fellows will abide.

The artist in modern culture *must* be an activist. Not an activist in the sense that he uses his art to make a statement for a cause, but in the sense that he is an activist for art.

The BOARD OF DIRECTORS packs up their notebooks and legal pads and begins to move away.

Making art doesn't have to be expensive. There's a whole school of African-American artists who became successful while painting with remnants from cans of house paint, from clay, and from pigments squeezed from wildflowers. Some of America's greatest musicians played mainly on street corners and at house parties. In my town, theatre has happened in the back yard of a seedy oyster-bar, in nightclubs during their slow hours, and in converted warehouses.

Art doesn't happen because someone decides it should, then throws a lot of money in the general direction of a bunch of would-be artists. It happens because someone picks up a paintbrush, or starts learning some lines, or tunes a guitar. The theatre where I've hung my hat for the last few years has produced about 200 plays for less than a million bucks. That's a lot of art for very little money.

The lights fade to black, as the words trail off...

Curtain

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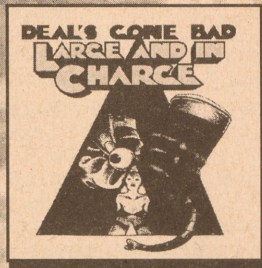
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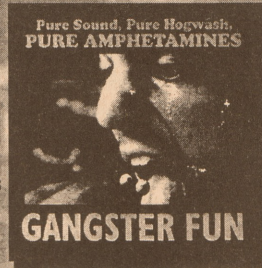
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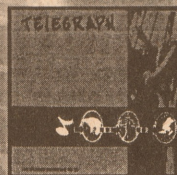
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Quickies

A little bit on a lot of records.

Adhesive Sideburner Onefoot Records This is 1996 release coming out in 98. Hmm. The music has a lot of momentary breaks and shifts, with lots of harmonizing on the vocals. The lyrics are very well written and that's what makes this band good, though the music is kind of what has been coined the Fat Wreck sound. But still, it's good to hear someone sing socially relevant lyrics with good production behind them. Particularly when English is their second language! Not angry, kind of relaxing, you'll probably like it if you're into poppy punk.

All Out War Truth In the Age of Lies Next Step Up Fall From Grace Next Step Up Intent To Kill Edgewise Silent Rage Terror Zone Self Realization: A True Lesson in Hardcore Fury of Five No Reason To Smile Dutch East India Trading Co. I'm placing these reviews together as they were originally released by Gain Ground in 95 and are now being re-released and distro'd by Dutch East India Trading. All these bands are similar in that they play hardcore. All Out War embrace death metal and fuse it with hardcore. The throat ripping vocal delivery is undecipherable at first but a lyric sheet will guide you through their phenomenal writing. The music is fast, galloping, hard and I really like it as some tracks are pure death metal, and others split between hardcore and death metal. Next Step Up play with deep vocals with moshable riffs and breakdowns. Next Step Up's full-length "Fall From Grace" evoke a gut response from me with their slowed down riffing and lyrics of apocalypse. "Intent to Kill" is a 5 song ep and continues with a first person slant to more personal and political issues. The Edgewise record was originally released in 1990, and still holds up with their barking vocals and energy. Terror Zone are metal influenced and are medium speed, with great breakdowns and a running thread between the songs. Seems the lead singer was sold out by a band mate and put in jail. This album reflects the betrayal, anger and ultimate growth in that time. Fury of Five are an odd one, at once projecting a hard image yet taking a softer approach to some of the vocals. I give them credit for experimenting with hardcore and metal and still remaining audible. Though some tracks sink, if you like metal mixed with your hardcore, this may appeal to you. In summation, I was at first leery to the re-release of these disks. However, it appears to be a matter of the music, not money.

Amon Amarth Once Sent From The Golden Hall Metal Blade Records I think just reviewing this makes me a satanist. This is death metal that's been killed by something dead which was just murdered by a dead thing that has death all over it from something it just killed and left for dead. I think I can honestly say I've never heard anything as heavy or dead in my life.

Bankhead This won't hurt a bit self-released This alternates between pop and ska feelings. And while it's an earnest effort, it doesn't distinguish itself from other bands that focus on either style of music save for the lyrics. "Happy Drug" is a sweet friendship song that should be dedicated to all those lonely hearts reading this. If you're lovesick, actually, I think this might be therapeutic for you.

Battery Whatever it takes... Revelation Battery plays straight forward, wall of sound hardcore with very emotional lyrics about loss and growth. The singing takes a while to get adjusted to, but that's not a bad thing, it's just different from the standard growls, scream-singing and deep barking of other hardcore bands. To his credit the singer's vocal style changes throughout the record and his delivery rules on "Leave it Behind". Battery has issues of the heart to express, and do it in a more effective manner than too much emo that's dropped the "core" for weak indy pop. Give this a listen!

Blindspot Acceleration Zero Tomato Head Records Seven pieces make up this ska band from Santa Rosa, California. They play mid-tempo ska-pop that has great melody and rockin' beats. The horns definitely add positively to the band's sound.

Braid Frame & Canvas Polyvinyl Record Co. If you only had enough money to buy one CD, make it this one. I mean that with all my heart. I haven't rushed through this review...instead, I've listened to this damn CD at least once every day for the last three weeks. It is incredible. I'm sure it'll get grouped in the emocore category, but it doesn't belong cause it is so much better than those other bands (eg: Get Up Kids, Promise Ring, Muler etc...). Braid features ex-Friction drummer/vocalist, Robert Nana (he sings and plays guitar in Braid). And let me tell you, Nana knows how to rock. Their changes are untraditional and right on, their vocals are well-sung (and emotionally screamed at all the right times). The overall feel is so damn complete. Oh, and don't forget that the lyrics are intelligent. Read 'em. Listen. Enjoy.

Brownie Mary Naked The Blackbird Recording Co. Produced by Kevin Moloney (U2, Sinead O'Connor), this band's major label debut doesn't disappoint. Lead singer Kelsey Barber's voice can go from an angry Liz Phair to a sweet Shirley Manson in a second. The music is mainly pop, laced with some ambient and loop sounds (as well as bagpipes!). This is a great beginning for this band; you'll hear more of them in the future.

Buffalo Daughter New Rock Grand Royal This band consists of three Japanese girls and a slew of instruments (ranging from guitar to bass to mini moog to turntables). Some of their tracks have an electronic feel, while others are more instrument oriented (relying on guitar work). The vocals are very cool. This is some damn fine, at times funky, at times poppy and always creative, stuff.

Calexico The Black Light Quarterstick Records This is an interesting CD, focusing on Latin style guitars and rhythms. They do such a great job of capturing the eeriness of this sound. As others are mining surf and rock-a-billy for inspiration, it's nice to hear Latin music reinterpreted by current musicians. This succeeds as an instrumental album with steady rhythms to keep you involved (the singing on the title track added nothing to the feel of the track and pulled me away). This sounds like a movie soundtrack, which is neat as you can imagine your own scenarios while listening to it. Give this a chance. You'll probably feel cultured for it.

Cheeky Monkey Four Arms to Hold You Big Deal Records Their name would imply a happy, funny kind of band and, ironically enough, that's what these guys are. Cheeky Monkey is only two guys—Francis MacDonald and Michael Shelley—yet their songs sound way bigger. With big hooks and great harmonizing, this is a pop-lover's dream.

Chicklet Lemon Chandeliers Satellite Records This is such a sweet record! The music has the familiarity of 60's pop and is very infectious. The female vocals are sweet without being saccharine. It's the right balance to make it a perfect pop record. Then you listen to the singing and slowly, bits and pieces of the lyrics make themselves apparent. And you realize there is a deeper current of understanding running through the songs. "Kyopo" seems to speak of the immigrant experience. At passing listen "Get Outside" reads as a love song, but upon examination it is open to interpretation as the gay coming out experience. The brilliant thing about this group is they stand head and shoulders above everyone sonically. This is essential listening. Own it!

Coax Fear of Standing Still Paradigm Records This is brit pop which should appeal to folks who like 80's music. This release has nice pop songs without any bite, and Coax are not the best of their genre and no where near advancing that style of music. For this, they have limited appeal to my tastes.

Crimpshrine Duct Tape Soup Lookout Records I remember listening to this in '93 after Green Day and pop-punk took over

Gainesville. Crimpshrine pre-dated Green Day, and featured Aaron Cometbus of Cometbus zine and Jeff Ott, now in Fifteen. This cd was recorded a decade ago in 1988 & 89, and contains a great insert booklet just like the original. This music's held up well enough to transcend time and affect a whole new generation of teenagers with it's poppy feel and universal-in-the-personal lyrics. Sure we've had this music reiterated by other folks over the course of this decade but hey, it's okay.

Diesel Boy Venus Envy Honest Don's Records This is punk. Any questions? Yes. No. That's a little personal. Where was I? Oh yes, Diesel Boy plays really tight, high-energy punk. They can go from groovy to balls-out in just a nano-second, so don't get too used to it. They'll keep your feet moving and your mind guessing.

Dirty Three Ocean Songs Touch and Go It's a recording such as this that makes music reviewing such a joy. This is a full-length featuring violins, violas, pianos, as well as percussion, and no singing to mar the beautiful soundscapes. The music is melancholy, slow paced, yet contains an air of liberation which allows one to escape into the rise and fall of the songs. If it helps to know Steve Albini produced this, well, he did. There are many reasons for you to like this, so pick it up NOW.

Doormats Edge of Insanity Cold Front Records This is the new effort by Bill McRackin (member the McRackins and their egg costume schtick?) This release will put a smile on your face, what with it's "Oh-ooh's" and wailing guitar solos. The music is fast and a lot of the songs take the similar approach and have great choruses. It's more rock for you punks!

E-Town Concrete time2shine Resurrection A.D. Records Take hardcore, toss in some metal and then mix it together with a hefty dose of hip-hop bounce and flava. The vocals are a mix of rap and screaming. The groove is constant and deep. These guys are plenty angry and are ready to express their every emotion in this ten track release.

Falling Sickness Because the world has failed us both Hopeless Records Combine a vocal delivery like Less Than Jake, with punk, pop punk and ska sounds (wait, that's LTJ!), and better choruses than songs (not LTJ) on the punk tracks and you have Falling Sickness. The choruses are really great on the punk numbers. Everything else about the punk stuff just doesn't match up to it. The ska tracks are good, as are the pop punk tracks. But that LTJ comparison holds too much water to ignore.

FIELD dAY Emerald and Jaded Devil Doll Records This is a compilation of Field Day's first two CD's, "Friction" and "Big Wheels." If you've already heard those you know this is quality punk. It's a little hookier and tighter than most punk out there, but it's good like that. Change is good.

Good Riddance Ballads from the Revolution Fat Wreck Chords Boy oh boy! Good Riddance is a damn fine band. I really enjoyed their last album, and if you liked that, then you're bound to like the new one. Uptempo, full-bodied hardcore/punk rock. Their songs are loaded with melodic anger, smooth vocals and a sense of social activism that makes their music that much more relevant.

Hard Skin Hard Nuts and Hard Cunts Broken Rekids From London comes extremely catchy street punk from Hard Skin. This is really great stuff, kids! If you've never listened to Oil, I recommend this as a first disk cuz it's just so much fun and catchy. You'll be singing along after the second track. Heck, they were on the cover of MRR last year. It's hard to find music so instantly likable. Get it!

Hot Stove Jimmy Salute Jump Up! Records Chicago's Hot Stove Jimmy will make you shake your ass with their "new skool" sound. Circus-style keyboards, strong horns and two

Quickies

A little bit on a lot of records.

guitars provide the backdrop for the rough, melodic vocals that overflow with energy. Loved the "My Girl" and "Sweet Caroline" covers.

Kerosene 454 *At Zero* SlowDime/Dischord This is an interesting recording that is hard to nail down. Yes, they have the standard rock instrumentation. They have a male singer with gruff vocals. They alternate between fast and slow, loud and soft. For some reason I keep wanting to compare them to Firehose but that may only be due to their tempo shifts and prominent bass. I do know they are good. I listened to them for hours and enjoyed this cd more each time.

Let's Go Bowling *Freeway Lanes* Asian Man Records Over 70 minutes of great ska from LGB for your enjoyment. This is the closest you can get to being at one of their live shows without actually being there. Only two are studio tracks, the rest compiled from different shows throughout the last two years. You'll think you're right there with them.

McRackins *Live in Madrid* One Louder Records The McRackins do what they do better than anyone else. Especially the dressing up like eggs part. They play punk like it was meant to be played: fast, loud and full of fun. This 23-song CD is more than worth the price. Buy it or be an idiot.

Modest Mouse *the lonesome crowded west* Up Records If more of the west was crowded with artists like MM, I'd be there in a heartbeat. Well, maybe that's an exaggeration. Anyway, MM is a kickass band. I'm not sure how to describe them. Their music transitions throughout the record from indie rock to country-ish jangle. All of it is very intricate with a full-bodied sound and constant energy. I'll say it again...this is a very hard band to describe. Trust me, they rock! Already climbing high on the CMJ charts, MM is definitely something to check out and keep your eye on.

Mondo Topless *Fifty Thousand Dollar Hand Job* 360 Twist! Records This Pennsylvania quartet delivers a unique brand of power pop, spiced up a bit with a Vox Continental Organ and harmonicas. At times they reminded me of the Delta 72, and at others of They Might Be Giants.

Morbid Angel *Formulas Fatal to the Flesh* Earache Records Let me set the scene: you're in hell. It's very hot, it stinks, you keep getting poked with a hot pitchfork and you have to get ready for a concert. Tonight's show is the hell houseband, Morbid Angel. Banging out favorites like "Hellspawn: The Rebirth, Covenant of Death" and "Prayer of Hatred," Morbid Angel wins over the crowd after the first skull-crushing beat. In other words, this is death metal even satan would love.

Muckafurgason *Tossing a friend* Deep Elm Records The inside photo on the booklet accurately describes the type of music on a mixing board: pop, country, indie, rap, and old timey, with -20 db's of Rock. This is very original and entertaining music in it's unpredictable and witty arrangements and vocals. "Spanish Fly" pays homage to mariachi musicianship, complete with harmonizing and trumpet. Then you have a heart-break country ballad in "Crying." I'm assuming they appropriate these tracks out of sincere respect for the history of country and other styles, though a track like punk rock is definitely mockery. It's nice to hear such a great record cover so much ground. Listen to this NOW!

Mustard Plug *Skapocalypse Now!* Hopeless Records The consumer warning says this is a reissue of their '92 release, but I don't know if this is to mean "Big Daddy Multitude" or one before that. Nonetheless, this is poppy ska with nice liner notes and fun tracks that will make you smile: "Summertime," an alternate take of "Thigh High Nylons" with a better rap than on "BDM," and others you may enjoy. A lot of ska present day has turned towards traditional Jamaican style and a lot of fans have

disowned this style of music that got them into ska in the first place. Heck, give this a spin. It's good music by good people. Dig it!

New Bomb Turks *At Rope's End* Epitaph Records Hey punk! No, not you, I mean this is punk. The New Bomb Turks have been banging it around for a while now and they've garnered quite a following. And it's no wonder. With their brand of full-bore, high intensity punk (and a little rockabilly on this one), you too will soon be a Turk.

Overcast *fight ambition to kill* Edison Recordings Wow. This is powerful metal/hardcore. I wasn't familiar with this band until now but I'm becoming more and more familiar with them daily. This quintet puts out serious power. They've opened for the likes of Napalm Death and Deicide and I think it's time they headline on their own. With tunes like "More Metal Than Your Ma's Kettle," you know what you're in for.

Pro-Pain *Pro-Pain* mayhem records Hardcore. Pure and simple. Pro-pain is better at hardcore than most politicians are at soliciting sex. Hell, they're better! And to see them live is a whole other level of hardcore. Their CD is a nice appetizer to what these guys do live. Buy the CD, go see them live and try to remember where you live.

Quintaine Americana *Decade of the Brain* Roadrunner Records This is no frills, groove-infected, angry rock. These guys play mean music and talk about whatever they damn well please. Don't expect to be uplifted by this, unless literally, like in mosh pit. This is very refreshing if you dig hardcore/metal because it ain't the same old formula. Helmet, Girls Against Boys, Tool...you'll hear their sounds here.

Richard Kastle *Royce Concerto* Yum Recordings Richard Kastle gained initial fame for playing classical piano in a leather jacket and bright colored hair. He's also toured with Jay Leno as his opening act. This disk is a classical arrangement performed and composed by Richard Kastle. The attempt to cross-over to the youth market is sincere, but it may fail because of the damn packaging! The music is lush and beautiful, and may get you hooked on like arrangements. The cover does nothing to communicate this. Don't judge this album by it's cover. It contains overly talented musicianship that may be passed over due to overly weak design work.

Richard Mortimer *Garden of Pleasure Parts 1&2* self-released This disk is apparently a one-man effort, from concept to completion. Which is good if the individual is skilled enough to cover their weaknesses, but alas, here we have a gothic sounding record with simple beats and minimal arrangements, the result of technology that allows one to make and mix a record in the home studio. I'm a bit distraught by all this cuz it's so long without much variety. I guess it was more exciting and fun to make this than listen to.

Schleprock *A Long Time Ago* Cool Guy Records This is a collection of rarities and never released material from now-defunct punkers Schleprock. If you're a fan, you need this now. If you aren't, this is a good one to have. Although the production is a bit lacking, it's a good litmus test. If you like this, you'll love their other stuff.

Scream *Live at the Black Cat* Torque Records If you were a fan of Scream, chances are you can appreciate this release. Scream existed in the late 80's D.C. hardcore scene, and sounded like much of later 80's hardcore- fast short songs. Unfortunately, there is this movement to glorify '88 as the crowning year of hardcore. I disagree, as everything was so damn generic. The quantity aped any quality that was out there. Granted, back then tastes in music was more regional- why listen to someone in D.C. if you were into LA or NYC bands? This said, I'm surprised I really like some of the songs here.

Live records are a great thing- bands will play the most energetic songs of their entire creative output, hopefully. If you're all about old school, get this.

Screeching Weasel *Major Label Debut* Panic Button Records I've often heard of Screeching Weasel in the punk circles, but have only now listened to them. I'm sorry. I'm so sorry. I've been missing out on one of the most intense punk bands out there. These guys don't give a damn about anything but playing music and having fun. Ain't that what it's all about?

Servotron *Entertainment Program For Humans (Second Variety)* Lookout Records Load this program for a fun time. Vintage techno sounds and fast bass lines go great with the groups bubbly voices which are reminiscent of the late seventies B-52s. Be the first on your block to get them. When they get big, so will your reputation for finding cool stuff.

Smart Went Crazy *con art* Dischord Records First of all, this CD has great art. Second, it contains a disc of great music. This is emo/indie rock. SWC is a five piece, two guitar, drums, bass and then toss in a cello to create a unique and wild sound. They have a really smooth sound with quirky changes. The vocals are mostly male-fronted, although their cello player (girl) sometimes takes over.

Soulfly *self-titled* Roadrunner Records Two words for you: Max Cavalera. Ring a bell? Let me try this one: Sepultura. Now, you've got it, huh? Sepultura was a heavy metal Brazilian band that woke up us Americans. Now ex-Sepultura frontman and founder, Cavalera has launched Soulfly. Losing none of his own sound and picking up a little more groove, Soulfly is poised on filling the void left by Sepultura's break-up.

Speak 714 *Knee Deep In Guilt* Revelation Records Dan O'Mahoney, the fallen sXe singer of 80's No For An Answer, provides vocals and lyrics for ten tracks of extremely catchy and melodic HARDCORE. He's lived through straight edge and alcoholism, so the lyrics reflect this maturity and continuing anger. Upon first listen I was instantly hooked. Then I read the lyric sheet and had twice the reason to enjoy this disk. It's personal lyrics about personal accountability and individuality and the course life takes us from teenage beliefs to the rest of your life. Speak 714 allows the listener to continue on the positive trip hardcore was to have. This is the best hardcore record I've heard in too long. Go out and buy a copy for yourself and your best friend right now. This is a disk you MUST share, more spiritually fulfilling than the best Krishna effort and cathartic than the loudest angriest demonic grindcore, all through the beauty of - you got it - hardcore and melody. It's cool that someone has put out a record that places self-acceptance and understanding over being accepted and understood by others.

Stuck Mojo *Rising* Century Media Metal fans know who the hell Stuck Mojo is. These guys play Southern-fried, groovin' metal that is just plain sick. But I mean sick in a good, healthy way. These guys bring their instruments and a wall of Marshalls and they make your ears bleed. If you think you really know what metal is, listen to this first.

Super High-Five *Strength Control Action* Coolidge Records These three punk rockers from Pennsylvania have a damn big sound for only three members. They play high energy, melodic punk rock with vocals that definitely fit. They have cool breaks and tempo changes. Many of their tunes have a really cool groove that sets it apart from some of the other bands that would get grouped in this genre.

Swervedriver *99th Dream* Zero Hour The kings of British indie/emo rock are back with their fourth release. Their sound takes from the Beatles and combines that with the best in indie rock (Archers of Loaf, Superdrag, etc.). I don't see the reason

Quickies

A little bit on a lot of records.

for their huge cult following, but they aren't a bad band either. This is a pretty good release.

The Adjusters *Politics of Style* Jump Up! Ska The back cover says "File under ska or soul or political science." That's exactly what the Adjusters play on their long-play debut. They call it "Crucial Rhythm & Blues," and listening to it reveals some of their influences, from reggae, ska, soul, blues. Not all political music has to be yelled out over screeching guitars. With "Politics of Style," you can groove yourself to a more politically aware state.

The Broadways *self-titled* Asian Man Records Chicago is in the house! The Broadways are an incredible power-punk band with intelligent socio-political lyrics. What sets them apart from other bands is their creative time changes and break-downs. I really like the rough vocals that sometimes have a British inflection to them. This is one of the best punk records I've heard in a while...great melodies, great vocals, tight sound and cool lyrics to sing along with.

The C-60s *The C-60s* Spongebath Records What you have here is a swell blend of pop, punk and ska. This is probably the hookiest, most addictive CD I've heard in a while. These guys are probably great in concert, as their music is filled with limitless energy. It sounds like they all just go up there and play whatever they want and it somehow turns into song. Dig it!

The Digger\$ *Mount Everest* Big Deal Records With Beatlesque inflections, The Diggers play pop like it hasn't been played maybe since the Fab Four. I wonder if the freezing episode in Austin Powers could really happen, because I believe Ringo may have felt threatened and froze these guys. If you like really smartly written pop songs, you should definitely listen. It's Shagadelic, baby!

The Donnas *American Teenage Rock 'N' Roll High School* Lookout Records The Donnas are four 18 year olds from Palo Alto, CA who happen to all have the same first name. That is not the only similarity they share with the Ramones (same last name). The Donnas's style of punk also greatly resembles the Ramones, as well as Kiss and the Runaways. Very enjoyable.

The Hectics *Everything I Need* 360 Twist Heavily, heavily punk-influenced (they even thank Jello Biafra) garage band music from a bassless Denver trio (not that they need a bassist; I didn't even notice its absence 'til I read the liner notes). Two women handle the guitar chores and prove (not that it should be doubted) that chix can rock as hard as men. All the songs are short, aggressive, to the point, and mostly deal with relationships, sex/lust, and romantic rivalry.

The Make-Up *In Mass Mind* Dischord Records This is the best release by the Make Up thus far. Their "Afterdark" live lp was fairly hard to stomach without the visual presence of the band (I've been told they are an amazing live band.) For those who don't know, Make-Up features ex-members of Nation of Ulysses, a band that had better ideas than music. Ian's voice is better suited for their diy R&B than it was for punk. If you dig 60's or 70's R&B or Soul, you should run out and get this disk. I'm just so impressed! Ian's off key singing sounds so great with beautiful organs and 60's drum beats. The cover and booklet is beautiful as well. If you're looking for something different that's easy on the ears and extremely danceable and grooveable, GET THIS!

The Saboteurs *Espionage Garage* American Pop Project The Saboteurs formed in Japan after Mark Brodie accomplished his long planned move to the Asian country. Playing Fender guitars exclusively, this trio plays authentic 60's surf music and secret agent tunes. This one will have you grabbing for your longboard while avoiding foreign spys who want the microchip imbedded in one of your molars.

The Vandalias *Buzzbomb!* Big Deal Records The Bay City Rollers meets the Ramones meets the Monkees. This is power pop wrapped in bubblegum with a seventies feel. I can almost hear the teenage girls screaming. It has a certain spontaneity to it, evidenced by the fact that most tracks were recorded in the first take. Groovy, baby!

The Ziggens *Pomona Lisa* Skunk Records This is surf-rock revisited. I'm not sure if I should take it seriously or not. It's very "Secret Agent Man" at times. There are 19 tracks from these four boys from Huntington Beach, California. For what it is, it is quite good; fun surf tunes.

Traluma *Seven Days Awake* Caulfield Records This Chicago-area kids have been around since mid-1995. Their music reminds me of that Cali band, Fuel, at times (not to be confused with that new radio-friendly band by the same name). The band contains ex-members of Gauge, Radio Flyer and others. Their music is about as powerful as any three-piece out there and has emotional energy to back it up. Tight, at times chaotic and definitely melodic.

Ty Tabor *Moonflower Lane* MetalBlade Records For those of you who don't know Ty's name, he is one of the members of the very underrated King's X. King's X has been putting out phenomenal hard rock music since way back when and they still haven't been recognized. This CD by Ty alone (with the aid of Galactic Cowboys drummer, Alan Doss) is, likewise, amazing. Ty is an extraordinary guitarist whose sound is as unique as his voice. His songs are smartly written and very well crafted. If you like straight-ahead guitar rock, you must have this.

Ui *The 2-Sided EP/The Sharpie* (1993-1995) Southern Records This is a rerelease of two previous recordings, "The 2-Sided EP," out of print since 1995, and "The Sharpie." Consisting of 2 bass players and a drummer, Ui tend to lock into patterns that will send you into a hypnotic state.

Unwound *Challenge For A Civilized Society* Kill Rock Stars This opens with dissonance ala early Sonic Youth. You think I forgot about Sonic Youth? The guy even sounds like Thurston Moore when they assume the Sonic Youth sound. Such is indie-pop today, I suppose. Nonetheless, there are a few better tracks here. "The World is Flat" builds from an extended drum roll to a guitar solo and back and forth. "Side Effects of Being Tired" is quite great with it's Sonic Youth-less textures. The only thing I ask of experimental music is they experiment on a new level than their influences and "Side Effects..." succeeds on this count. Alas, Unwound is working in the domain of feedback, which was coopted by grunge. It takes a lot of inspiration to give it the punch it once had, and this record has it's fair share of moments.

Various Artists *Bay Area Checking In with The World* Cold Front Boy! What a compilation! These bands all share the same city of San Francisco as home. Aside from that, they are all fairly distinct. Punk, Pop-punk, Garage Rock, Mod-Rock, Oi!, and Ska are all featured here. Diesel Boy, The Force, The Odd Numbers and Model American contribute stand out tracks, though you may like anyone of 23 of the other tracks as well. Though there are great bands out of any city nowadays and the "scene" was never limited to San Francisco, it's still very active in that city and this provides documentation of a good number of it's pissed off denizens.

Various Artists *Gods of Darkness* Nuclear Blast America Fifteen bands. 70+ minutes. Black Metal. Combine these and you get "Gods of Darkness." From all over Europe, bands like Emperor, Cradle of Filth, Agathodaimon, Satyricon, Covenant, Enslaved and more are represented here, determined to win over your soul. Listen closely, and they just might. Also included is a previously unreleased track by Dimmu Borgir.

Various Artists *New Rock '98* LSE A compilation featuring 3 tracks each from Melbourne's metalesque but thoughtful Tin Can Jets, the neo-Southern rock of Glitterhick (Palm Bay) and Elgin Hooper (Melbourne), the "hillbilly gothic honkytonk from hell" of Orlando's Ratso Rizzo, and Atlanta rockers Throkmoren. Check out this CD and support homegrown music.

Various Artists *Punk Bites 2* Fearless Records You enjoy punk music, but hate the hassle of having to buy the whole album. Well now you can enjoy the best punk music has to offer, now in convenient bite size portions! NOFX, Pulley, 98 Mute, Horace Pinker, MxPx, Pennywise, Whippersnapper, and more, all included here in one collection for your listening pleasure! Get your own copy before they're all gone!

Various Artists *SKANK FOR BRAINS* Beach Recordings There is no possible way you can get more ska and punk for your money than right here on this fine CD. "Skank" contains 28 songs (plus two secret tracks) that are super. Bands included are Nothing Cool, Rude Bones, and Nuclear Rabbit. You're a fool if you don't pick this up.

Various Artists *Punk Rods* Lookout Records Maybe cult fans of the Munsters will make this one a collectable, but I wouldn't count on it. Damn near every track begins with gratuitous sound bites from the old series. Was Herman Munster the first punk? This disc would be okay if it wasn't bogged down with all the TV show crap.

Various Artists *The Great Soap Opera* Wormhole Records You get 27 tracks of poppy punk rock here, kids! The recording quality of some tracks varies, but this is for the kids by the kids (it was mastered for 8 hours on a school night). More popular bands on this comp are Link 80, Falling Sickness, Kid with Man Head, Rhythm Collision and The Fairlanes. It's worth getting to hear what is coming up in the diy music scene.

Various Artists *What the World Needs Now* Big Deal Recordings Burt Bacharach and Hal David collaborated to create some of the finest bitter sweet love songs during the 60's. Perhaps their crowning achievement are their recordings with Dionne Warwick during that decade. Burt Bacharach has continued to write a number of memorable tracks, and has come to vogue in the past years due to Pizzicato Five and being played throughout the movie "My Best Friend's Wedding." Knowing how great the originals are, the hacks at Big Deal recordings had no place putting out such a shoddy cash-in. The in-joke irony here is sickeningly disrespectful to a composer they are to be paying respect to. The "ain't we cute?" witticisms tire after track 3, and after that it's just lame lame lame. It's too easy to point out Hal David wrote sappy lyrics. It's obvious. But the power of Dionne Warwick came from her voice and the emotion she invested in every word. Sadly, Big Deal and all the artists here are so soulless and gutless they can't put their heart into any of the songs. Get a 60's era recording by Dionne Warwick (most places file her under easy listening). That's worth your time. This comp isn't.

Various Artists *Selected Material* World Domination/Eighth Dimention Records This release from the Orlando powerhouse Eighth Dimension features some of the hottest DJ artists to emerge from the magic city. Pip Daddy Nash shines on with his contrasting vintage sounds and adventurous themes. Q-Burns drives his ethereal codes deftly and BMF has constructed solid, slick grooves that work. Those who expect the live edge these artists produce in person may have to grow into some of these tracks but this happens easily.

VISION *The Kids Still Have A Lot To Say* Cargo Music Not only were they voted one of the 10 best live bands by Thrasher magazine, but I'm voting them as one of the 10 best hardcore/punk bands I've heard in the last year. Their songs are just

Quickies

A little bit on a lot of records.

ripped and the vocals are better than most. The backing vocals put them above most indies out there.

SEVEN-INCH REVIEWS

(these are brief cause so are they):

Compound Red *Peter Pan's Shadow 7"* Desoto Records
This is heavy, powerful emocore. The vocals are dramatic, but not in a bad way. Three tracks.

Ben Grim *self-titled 7"* self-released A great little pop-punk record with four songs. It's tight stuff with great vocals and cool tempo changes.

Qualm/Mailorder Children *split 7"* Not Bad Records Qualm plays uptempo pop punk with some cool changes (nothing new, but still good). MC is ska pop-punk with a four-piece horn section. They often break into some great punk rock stuff. Two tracks each.

The Insect *Hard To Cry 7"* 360 Twist Records Punchy rock 'n roll with a rockabilly and country twist. Three tracks of garage stuff.

Mount McKinleys *No Come Down 7"* 360 Twist Records
This is garage rock. Jangly guitars, a drunken bounce and swanky vocals are displayed. Three tracks.

The Twenty Two's *Surrender 7"* Submit Records Pure coolness in the form of wild hardcore (sometimes reminiscent of old Suicidal Tendencies). Fast-paced music, screamed vocals (dueling with some spoken stuff) in a way that isn't annoying, believe it or not. I'm intrigued by it all. Two tracks.

Dragstrip *The Heliocentric World of Dragstrip 7"* American Pop Project This is excellent guitar driven pop with a surf feel to it. Two tracks, including a cover of "Don't Fear The Reaper".

The Dismemberment Plan *What Do You Want Me To Say? 7"* Desoto Records Oh this is good. Two songs worth an entire album. Wildly cool sounds showcase an emo-like style that has definite DC stylings. Super!

Lo Magnifica *White Knuckle Ride 7"* self-released This has a stripped-down feel and quirky stylings. Definite Sonic Youth and/or Flaming Lips influences buried in the music. Two tracks.

The Let Downs *Atlanta 7"* 360 Twist Records These boys deal out tunes with a '60s style garage rock sound. Not bad at all! Two tracks..

The Unpleasants *Songs About Girls 7"* self-released Think Queens and Screeching Weasel. It's total pop-punk with wa-wa and uh-oh-uh-oh-oh choruses throughout and lyrics about girls. A total of five tracks make this a long 7".

Dave Parasite *Back To Demo (1989-1991) 7"* American Pop Project This is a must for Parasite fans. Two 7"s with a total of six tracks that feature Dave playing all the instruments, recorded on a four-track as a demo for the Parasites. Pop-punk gems, through and through.

Lollipop *Live at Reptilian Records 7"* Reptilian Records
Here's a double dose of intense rock 'n roll. It's chaotic, noisy and delicious. They also just released a full-length on Amphetamine Reptile Records.

This Bike is a Pipe Bomb *Board of Tourism Song 7"* Ghostmeat Records This slab of vinyl features four songs of quite good, stripped down indie rock with a taste of country thrown in.

Pen to Plough *Stucco 7"* Ghostmeat Records This band from Pensacola delivers some solid power-punk with excellent melody and emotionally-charged vocals. Three tracks.

United Blood *The Marco Sessions 7"* Cold Front Records
United Blood are a S.F. Oil/street punk band. "Government Warning" has such inane lyrics, but the chanted chorus will have you joining in first time around.

The Rabies *Want Me Back 7"* Dill Records It's four songs worth, which makes it good - add in the uptempo pop punk and subtle ska influences and this is worth pickin' up.

ADDRESSES - in alphabetical order T00!! Please write them.

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Jump Up! Records, 440911/2 W. Greenview, Suite 2W, Chicago, IL 60640
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The Blackbird Recording Co., 185 Franklin Street, New York, NY 10013
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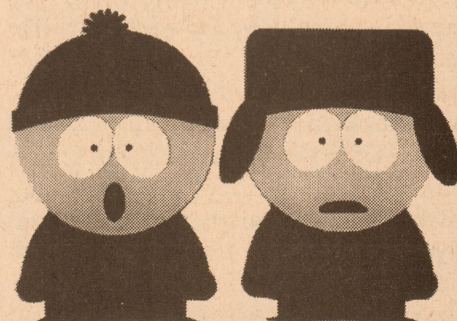
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PARANOIA

by matthew collins

I swear, this nation produces some paranoid people. It's as if the combination of a government we only read about, a media we no longer trust, and the impending big, bad, bogeyman-under-the-bed millennium (2000 or 2001, which will *you* celebrate?), are all combining to create this contagious mess of kookiness and spookiness that so many of us are feeding off of.

Back in October, I was speaking with Terry, a friend of mine, on the potential of the current move by the Coalition Advocating Medical Marijuana; they're hoping to continue what began in California and Arizona.

As for some history, Terry loves drugs. He doesn't necessarily live through them, but he does come pretty close nonetheless. Now Terry, who can rattle off the chemical compounds involved in making some of these synthetics as if he were a chemist, refuses to be involved in any organized form of protest. He will not sign any petition, he will not protest in any "official" capacity whatsoever. The reason: "...you know that somewhere, someone is taking that petition and making a list. And, it could be years down the road - but, I may want to do something someday and I don't want one stupid signature to bite me in the ass fifteen

years from now." His words.

Please understand, I do not in any way believe that people should ever do anything they do not want to do. If Terry doesn't feel obliged to participate toward a "cause", no one should try to judge him for that. After all, the very problem with getting pot legalized is that there are too many people out there judging others. And hey, what motivates some people does not motivate others. No, what bothered me was that I saw the logic in his argument.

I can easily envision an army of invisible, Gestapo bean counters, patiently collecting all forms of information: petitions, newsgroups, chat rooms, mailing lists, magazine subscriptions, and crunching that data to make a national list of potential "deviants". The particulars of such an endeavor would involve what? Five people per city scanning newspapers and keeping up with political movements and performing the foot work; a team of ten to twenty to monitor the Internet newsgroups and chat rooms; another few fellow 'patriots' reading the 'hot' magazines (High Times, Hemp Times) for classified ads and further websites; and maybe ten more people to collate the data into a cohesive list that can be used to effectively create a national database. Technology is a

beautiful thing when it's used efficiently.

What's truly frightening about all of this is that just maybe, some invisible army of hall monitors is writing down all of our names to tell the teacher on someday; no, what is frightening, I mean **real fucking scary**, is that the mere *thought* of something like that occurring has already stopped so many people from even beginning to protest laws that they don't agree with. The government doesn't even have to be out there anymore. All they have to do is let us think they might be watching and we'll behave.

Consider Linda Tripp, Monica Lewinsky's "friend" that taped her phone conversations. Without going too deeply into the entire sordid affair (or is it affairs), do you see how afraid this woman was of people? How completely afraid of life she was? What could possibly have happened in this woman's past to lead her to this, to actually thinking that bugging her own phone was a logical and rational decision on her part? Give it five more years and we'll have people miking *themselves* and wearing "voice analysis-digital camera" chest-plates the size of a button to ensure that no one fucks with them. Ms. Tripp's legacy, her fifteen minutes.

But, hey, kookiness isn't limited to the social echelons of Washington D.C. What, for instance, is this latest trend behind mothers dumping their children in restrooms? Public restrooms, all of a sudden, have become some form of twisted Darwinian adoption clinics, leaving newborns to a brand new form of survival of the fittest. How scared of society - how completely unable to cope does a woman, a *mother* no less, have to be to bear a child in a public restroom and then throw him or her into the same can that, on another day, she might throw a tampon or a paper towel? What blows my mind is that, to these mothers, this madness, this "choice" was, in their mind, their absolute *best* option? To do such a thing, a person would have to feel completely and terribly

All of this: the fear of government lists and watchdogs, the rationalizations that lead to miking your home phone, the desperation behind a restroom birth and trash can abortion; they're all symptoms of worldwide paranoia and a national anxiety attack. For the first time we as a people and, more importantly, as individuals, are realizing, that if someone truly wanted to, they could find out everything about you; and, even more frightening, we've seen before and know there are people out there that actually get off on doing this. They *want* to know everything, they *need* to know everything - to preserve their "way of life".

So what does it mean? Is society spiraling faster and faster to the realm of nutball? Are

Or, after 200 years of supporting an empire based on acquiring money and of buying happiness, have we run out of **things** to make us happy? Are we moving so quickly in a society based upon material gain that we no longer have enough time in our life to purchase *enough* items to make us happy? Is that why we we're moving so much faster these days?

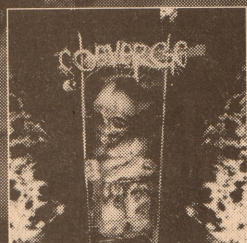
Are we, instead of seeking peace in an internal nature, seeking material items to make us forget about the restlessness in our natures; only to discover that, at the end of it all, we're still just as empty and restless as when we began?

Where will the evolutionary cycle branch toward next? Will we, as a race, finally shed off our humanity and merge with the electronic? Or will we turn back toward the spirit and nature?

Hell, I don't know. I'm too paranoid to figure it out.



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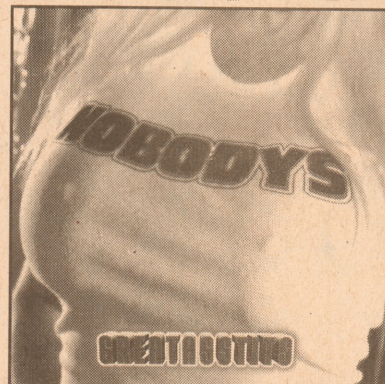
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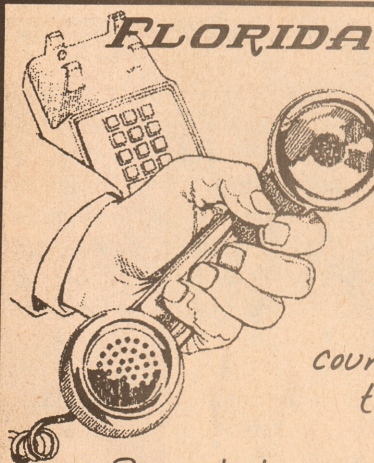
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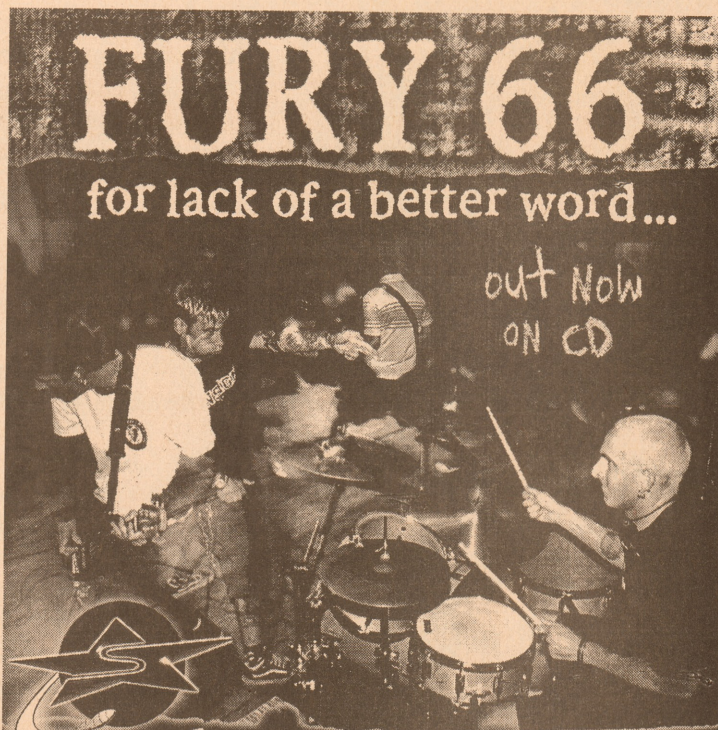
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anal laws sodomize society

by Adam Finley

Contrary to popular opinion, I really don't enjoy sodomy. Giving or receiving. I know this comes as a shock to a lot of people who know me, and especially to those who have heard me say on several occasions, "I wish someone would sodomize me right now." But I really have no room for such recreational activities in my life at this time.

But I could. I mean, the age of consent as far as sodomy goes is 14 here in Iowa. Which makes sense because I believe it was at that time that I decided to start shoving things up my ass. I'm just glad I lived in Iowa and not Arizona where sodomy is defined as a crime against nature. Of course, in other states, "crime against nature" is a subjective term as well. You could very well run over a squirrel and not even realize you've committed sodomy. Which wouldn't matter as long as the squirrel was at least 14.

I believe Florida (which prides itself on being the only phallic symbol that can be viewed from space without a telescope) to be the worst, however. Florida law prohibits both homosexual and heterosexual sodomy, and defines sodomy as either anal or oral sex. This law, which essentially controls the sexual practices of private citizens, will undoubtedly change. Not only because of its intrusive nature, but because it is a proven fact that states that allow oral sex have a higher tourism rate.

Sodomy, at least according to one definition, is any contact between the genitals and anus, or between the genitals and mouth. However, the concept of sodomy differs greatly from state to state, as well as person to person. The only logical way to come to a true definition, obviously, is to look at the word itself.

"So," according to Julie Andrews, is "a needle pulling thread," followed by "domy," so obviously, beyond any trace of doubt, we can deduce that this tells us absolutely nothing.

So why is sodomy such a big deal? I have my theories. One is that if you put something in water, the water level will rise. I call it the "displacement" theory. But you were probably wondering about sodomy. The reason sodomy is such an issue today is because of its origins in Christianity.

Moses- God?

God- Yeah?

Moses- Can I hump Abraham?

God- I don't think he's been born yet.

Moses- How about Job?

God- Is he around?

Moses- I don't know, I can't keep track of all these biblical names.

God- Yeah, me neither.

I'll give a hypothetical situation that we've all been in at one time or another. You've taken your girlfriend out to see "Lady and the Tramp" and she says to you, quite clearly, "Bend over the seat while I strap this mother on."

Your Mind- What state are we in?

You- Iowa.

Your Mind- Ok then, go right ahead.

That's assuming you enjoy that sort of thing. And apparently, a lot of people do. I've heard of girls who enjoy it more than actual sex. But why? Why is it some people will willingly invite large foreign objects into their nether regions while others are completely repulsed by it?

That's not an easy question to come to terms with. Typically, when a person says "please do not sodomize me," they aren't asked "why?" or to explain themselves. However, a person who says "Excuse me? I'd like you to sodomize me. Hello? Anyone?" must present hard evidence (tee hee) that would show a legitimate reason for wanting this.

The idea of "let people do what they want" is a good idea, theoretically, but people too often interpret it as meaning "I shall do whatever I want." Which is why we have to tell some people they can sodomize their wives, but not their children, but they can sodomize their wife's children, provided the child is over 18 and has a note from her teacher.

A lot of people pertain their theory of licking flagpoles in January to sodomy. How do you know if you like it if you haven't tried? For most, it's not a matter of liking it or not, it's a matter of time constraint. After years of tiring research I've decide that it would take approximately three years to sodomize a person. Two and a half years to convince them, and another half a year to decide on the best position for the activity. Of course, this varies from state to state.

Whether or not anyone wants to talk about this subject is irrelevant. What is important, however, is that, after decades of arguing about it, we might finally be able to get oral sex in Florida.

Consider Earth

(EARTH, continued from page 13)

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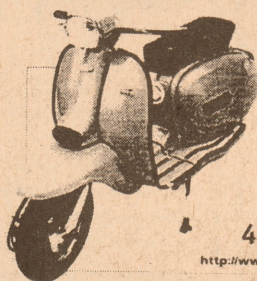
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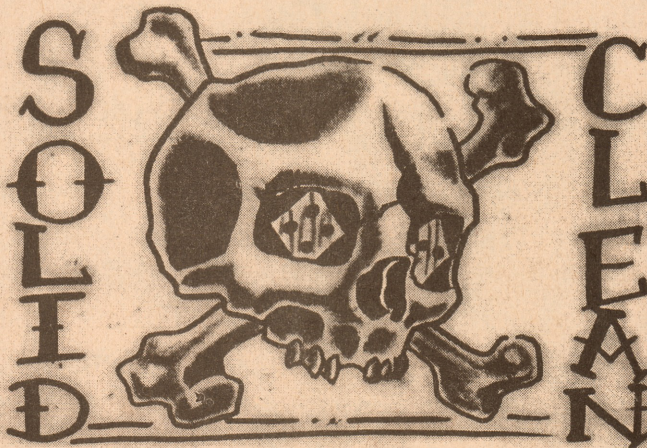


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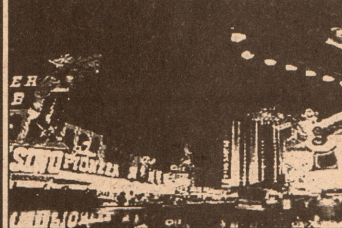
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"TOMMY" (not my real name)

A: Tommy, receiving an HIV-positive test result can be very hard to deal with, but you are not alone. First of all, we need to get you in to see a case manager. Throughout the state of Florida, there are HIV case managers who will work with HIV positive clients. In Tampa, you can receive case management from; Tampa AIDS Network: 978-8683, or from Tampa Hillsborough Action Plan: 228-9793. When you call these numbers, tell them that you would like to set up an appointment with a case manager. They will give you a date and time when you can go in, sit down with the case manager, and work on ways to help you get the assistance you need. One of the first things they will do is to help you to be seen by a doctor. If you cannot afford one, there are several options that you may have so that you can receive medical services. The local Hillsborough County Health Department has a Specialty Clinic that can assist you with medical services.

By
Jeffrey-
John
Nunziata

Samantha

You will receive a comprehensive medical examination and some lab tests, including blood work. The doctor will also evaluate your condition and may start you on some medications if they feel it is necessary. The clinic also has a dietitian, a dentist, an exercise room, and counselors as well.

There are also support groups that you can look into. These support groups are made up of others who are also HIV positive. There are several different types available, depending on your needs. You may want to visit several of them before deciding which one is best for you. They will give you the chance to talk with others who may be experiencing similar situations and feelings.

It may be less difficult for you if you had someone you could talk with. If you feel you could trust your friends to not say anything to anyone else, then you should talk with them. If you want, you can call the Florida HIV/AIDS Hotline. They can offer professional counseling and answer questions over the phone, and they won't even ask you your name. I hope this helps.

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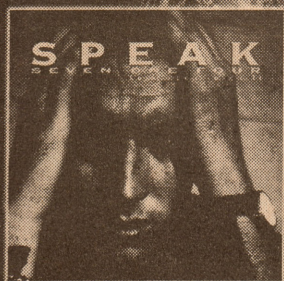


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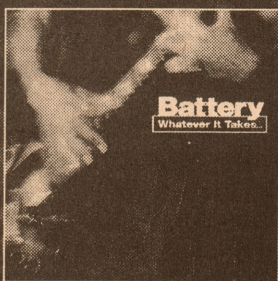
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The Politics of Discrimination

by Scott Bledsoe

In some circles, it is called "ageism". The dictionary defines it as: discrimination against and the stereotyping of people based solely upon age. There are laws to protect older people from it.

However, young people, many of whom have no voice at all, are also the target of it. To me, it is oppression.

Ageism is driven by fear. Among the leaders of this country, not one is below the age of thirty, and the older generation are afraid of their youth—scared to death of their own by-product. Why are they afraid? What are they doing to feel more secure? Are they looking to us for answers? Or are they simply engaged in another winless war, plagued with a lack of innovation and common sense?

Many laws have recently been passed, and many more are working their way through the bureaucracy, that are targeted at citizens who have no voice at all in our society—people under age 18. One such law is called the "harmful to minors act".

This law, if passed, would give to individual states the power to decide what concerts, shows or clubs are inappropriate to minors. As a result, young people would be prevented from seeing their favorite artists perform. All-ages clubs could possibly cease to exist.

Another law going through the Florida Legislature would subject all high school students to random drug tests. This violates their privacy and exploits our youth in order to gain political favoritism amongst a paranoid older generation. What are they going to do? Suspend students who smoke a joint? Throwing out the students who really need education about the dangers of drug abuse won't solve the problem. It merely pawns the problem off on yet another generation. Other examples of this type of reactionary lawmaking include curfews and loitering.

It is a tyrannical and horrid display to make a guilty presumption against a juvenile (whatever happened to "innocent until proven guilty"?); to pass laws upon those which have no say in these laws. Even if they did have a say, would it be any different?

One of the biggest frustrations for people over eighteen are the laws which prevent them from drinking until they are twenty-one. The reason cited most often is drinking and driving. That is an excuse, not a reason. How can a government send young men

aged 18-21 to their deaths in war, yet tell these same people we don't really care what you think? Maybe we should outlaw the draft, citing the dangers of war. It might be easier to teach young people how to use alcohol responsibly. Do you know what the results of the increased drinking age have been? Although drinking and driving fatalities decreased for people under 21, they dramatically increased for people aged 21-25. Imagine that.

In some states, a person must be twenty one years old to rent a hotel room, but only eighteen to enter into a contract to buy one.

These laws might go a long way in helping the older folks sleep better at night, even though they sweep the real problems under the rug. By not allowing the youth of this country a voice in their governing, we are making it difficult for these people to effectively govern themselves. Control and oppression will only produce results far worse than the problems they attempt to resolve. Humans are not animals, and we—the young people—cannot be treated this way by the older generation, who expect us to treat them with respect and dignity when it is time for us to take care of them. Putting corks in the holes of a sinking ship will never substitute for replacing the whole hull. I urge all youth to make their voices heard.



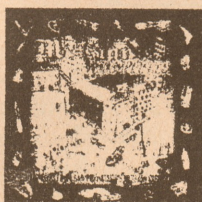
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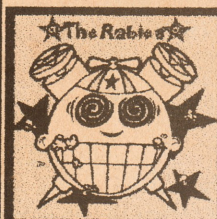


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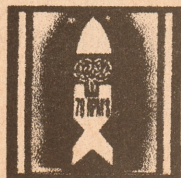


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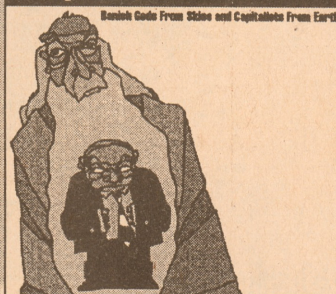
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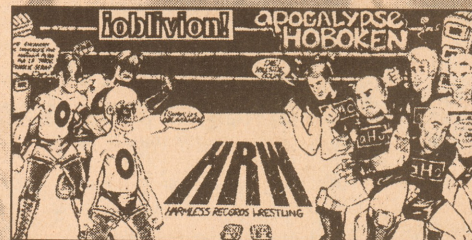
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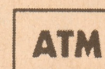
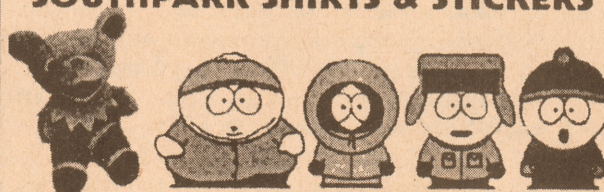
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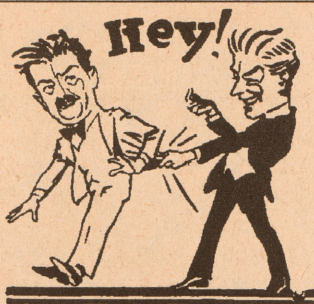
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Conquer Bigotry

(CONQUER, continued from page 7)

more people are forced into job like these, more will be holding resentment towards Corporate America and the rich. Both, groups know this. This is where the scare tactics come in. The idea is to divert the public's attention away from being screwed. By catering to America's prejudices, the powers that be successfully screw us.

This is where my theory on the white reluctance to discuss class comes full circle. Andrew Hacker writes this in his book, *Two Nations*, "All white Americans realize that their skin comprises an inestimable asset. It opens doors and facilitates freedom of movement. It serves as a shield from insult and harassment. Indeed, having been born white can be taken as a sign: your preferment is both ordained and deserved. It value persists not because a white appearance automatically brings success and status, since there are no such guarantees. What it does ensure is that you will not be regarded as *black*, a security which is worth so much that no one who has it has ever given it away."

Many white folks are living it too easy to discuss class. Class forces whites to be on the same level as blacks. Trailer park whites would be on the same level of blacks living in the projects. Because of white America's superiority complex, this is how the rich screw them every time.

Now, let's talk about welfare. Most people stereotype welfare recipients as able-bodied, inner-city African-American women with a house full of illegitimate children—the image that is fed to America. Little attention is paid to the many white families that are living in poverty. It is no wonder that many people believe that most welfare recipients are African-American.

According to Carl T. Rowan in his book, *The Coming Race War in America*, whites compose 38.3 percent of families receiving Aid to Families with Dependent Children (AFDC). 36.6 percent are African-American. 18.5 percent are Hispanic. This book was published in 1996.

Andrew Hacker's, *Two Nations*, sites that 38.8 percent are white. 39.8

Silly Legal World

(WORLD, continued from page 11)

Now banks will actually hold your money for you and even pay you for holding it, thus making it harder for you to squander it away on cheap wine and five pound boxes of chocolates. Anyone with one ounce of common sense knows those mailings from American Family Publishers are marketing gimmicks. They send those in hopes that you'll feel so tempted by fate that you'll enter and, what they heck, order one of their magazines, too. Still, even if you do order, it's a no-risk situation. You can still send the magazines back if you're not satisfied. "What?! Is he serious?" Yes I am, my grey-matter-lacking friends. The real problem here is, not surprisingly, the lawyers. Take, for instance, Bob Butterworth, Attorney General of Florida. He filed Florida's lawsuit back in early February, claiming Clark's and McMahon's marketing efforts are "unethical, oppressive, unscrupulous or substantially injurious to consumers." That's so ironic, Mr. Butterworth, because those are the exact words I'd use to describe you and the rest of your jack-ass lawyer friends. You want to talk ethics? How about making me stand trial and defend myself after I was hit by drunk driver. What the hell kind of ethics are those?! The whole damned thing is just silly. To think you can prey on the naïveté of people like this is laughable. How about you admit that you're an unscrupulous (see, I told you), opportunist ass-wipe looking for a fast buck? Do that, drop your lawsuit and we'll call it a wash.

Until next time, this is the end of Your World.

are African-American and 15.7 percent are Hispanic. This book was published in 1992.

Both books indicate that even though their percentage is smaller than the aforementioned groups, Asians stay on welfare the longest.

As with Hacker's figures, even though the figures for AFDC is higher for African-Americans, whites are still more likely to be on welfare. Recent evidence has shown that the 39.8 for blacks would more than likely be 1 out of 5 blacks on AFDC, compared to 2 out of 5 whites being on it. (These are not actual figures. These are just examples. Still, more welfare recipients would come out of the white population than black.)

The typical welfare recipient is more likely to be a divorced or separated white woman with two children. Few of these households receive support from the kids' father.

During Clinton's Welfare Reform, a program that limits the time spent on welfare, one of the agreements was to force deadbeat dads to pay child support. Few fathers are forced to do this.

So, instead of attacking welfare women, how about attacking the government and deadbeat dads of all races and economic backgrounds? Also, more money is spent on useless military weapons than welfare. Welfare only takes up a small percentage of government spending.

One form of welfare that is rarely discussed is Corporate Welfare, the real welfare kings and queens. Let's say BS Autos want to build a plant in your town. This brings in jobs. So, Mayor Ass Kiss decides that BS Autos don't have to pay taxes. The residents of Screwed Valley are the ones that have to pay taxes on the roads, the building of schools, etc. BS Autos don't pay anything.

Sure, they brought jobs to Screwed Valley but then, BS Autos decides they can make a better profit by exploiting Mexicans. So, they leave. After all the tax breaks they have receive, BS Autos leave Screwed Valley totally screwed. What happens when people are forced into poverty? As mentioned before, this is where the scare tactics come in to divert the public's attention away from the fact of being screwed. Divide and conquer, the oldest trick in the book. Will Americans stop falling for it, or will we continually let bigotry be our best friends?

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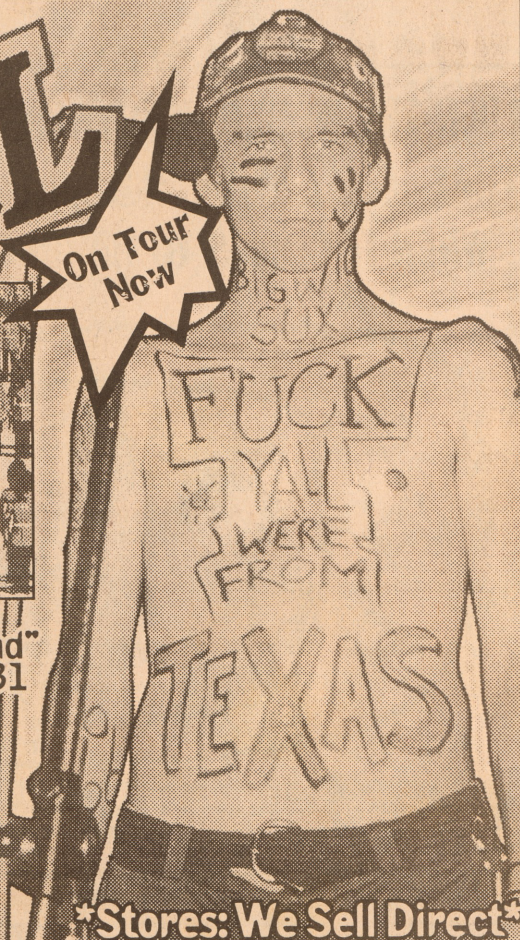


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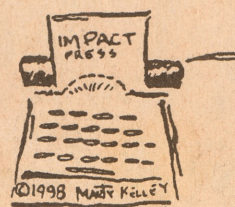
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